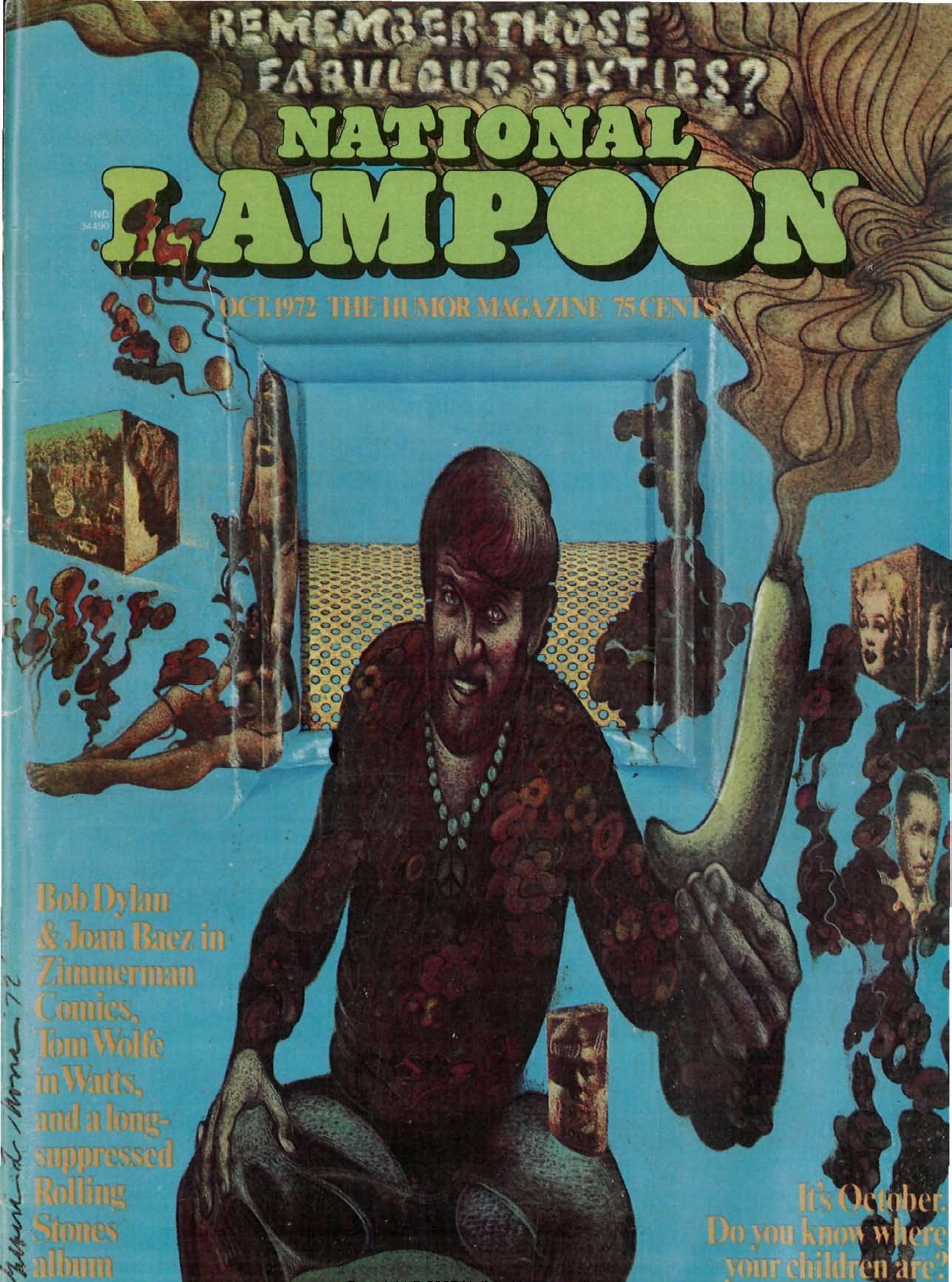

REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?
NATIONAL LAMPOON
IND 34490
OCT. 1972 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE 75 CENTS
Bob Dylan & Joan Baez in Zimmerman Comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
It's October. Do you know where your children are?

S R SPEAKER SYSTEMS.
at is destined to become the
nd reproduction system.



We started with the premise that you wanted better sound reproduction, and we took it from there.

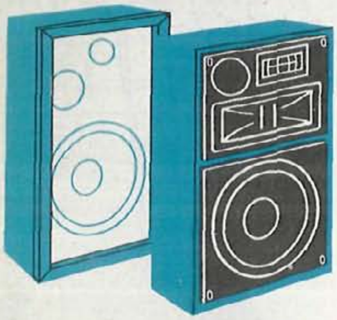


Too often these days superlatives are used to camouflage mediocrity. Let's just say you'll be excited with the magnitude of the achievement of the new Pioneer series R speaker systems, once you hear them. They represent the culmination of our more than six years of intensive research in every phase of speaker design on just this series alone.

We investigated, tested and evaluated every known area: frequency response, dispersion, distortion, transients, drivers, configurations, cabinetry — rejecting, accepting, improving until we were completely satisfied that we had the perfect combination. The sound most people would prefer when compared with the conventional speakers now available.

The story behind the grille
To achieve this exceptional sound reproduction, Pioneer has endowed the new series R with a host of meaningful refinements that have become the hallmark for our extensive collection of high fidelity components.

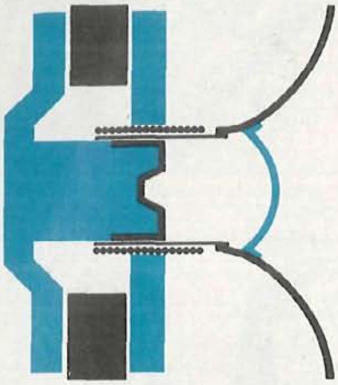
Flush mounting. Unlike other speaker systems on the market today, the R series' drivers are flush mounted to the face of the enclosure, rather than recessed. Combined with the advanced design of the individual speaker units, there is added vitality to the mid tones and wider dispersion.



Conventional recessed speaker mountings. **New up-front flush mounting of Pioneer series R.**

Exclusive FB cones assure robust bass, clear mid and high tones, improve damping, while keeping distortion at an absolute minimum. High input signals are handled with complete ease.

	R700	R500	R300
Speakers	12″ woofer, midrange horn, multicell horn super tweeter	10″ woofer, 5″ midrange, horn tweeter	10″ woofer, horn tweeter
Maximum Input Power	75 watts	60 watts	40 watts
Crossovers	750 Hz, 14,000 Hz	800 Hz, 5,200 Hz	6,300 Hz
Dimensions	15″ x 26″ x 13⁹⁄₁₆″	13¾″ x 24″ x 12¹⁄₁₆″	13″ x 22½″ x 11″
Price	$229.95	$159.95	$119.95



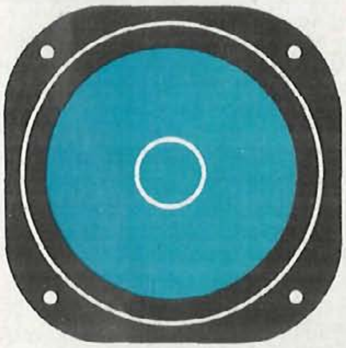
Unique concave center pole design and pure copper cap/ring combination. The concave center pole of the drivers' magnetic structure is covered with a pure copper cap. Not only does this reduce the inductance of the voice coil, it also decreases the voice coil's intermodulation distortion generated by the magnetic field. The result: vastly improved bass and midrange transient responses. Another example of Pioneer's meticulous engineering detail.

Improved design horn tweeters of die-cut aluminum have completely replaced the more conventional (and less costly) cone and dome-type tweeters in the entire series. You can hear the difference with wider dispersion, and you gain all the advantages of horn drivers, such as high transient response and lowest distortion.

Crossovers are precisely designed in each model. In contrast to other speakers that rely on the capacitance method only, Pioneer has combined both inductances and capacitances for minimum intermodulation distortion. And you'll never hear bass tones wandering to the tweeters, or highs intruding on the woofers. You couldn't ask for better linear response.

The acoustically padded enclosures are sturdily built and faced with handsome two-piece, two-color, removable grilles. The staining process of the hand selected walnut requires ten steps alone, and utilizes an exclusive oil created by Pioneer. Each unit is produced as if it was the only one.

Sound-absorbing foam polyurethane surrounds the woofers of the R700 and R500 to reduce distortion even further. The three R series models each employ long-throw voice coils providing greater cone movement for higher excursions.



There are many technical reasons why you should buy a pair of the new Pioneer series R speakers systems. But, in the final analysis, when you compare them with comparably priced speakers at your Pioneer dealer, their absolute superiority in sound reproduction is why you will buy them.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.
178 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt,
New Jersey 07072

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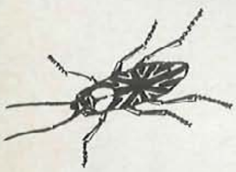








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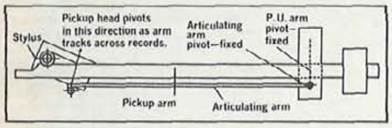
Sometimes high fidelity people lose sight of what it's all about: Sound.

The ultimate test of any piece of high fidelity equipment is what you hear.

That's why, of all the statements made by equipment reviewers about our Garrard Zero 100, the most significant were these:

"Using identical virgin records, and virgin styli in identical good cartridges, the Zero 100 on occasion sounded markedly 'crisper' than other turntables." *Rolling Stone.*

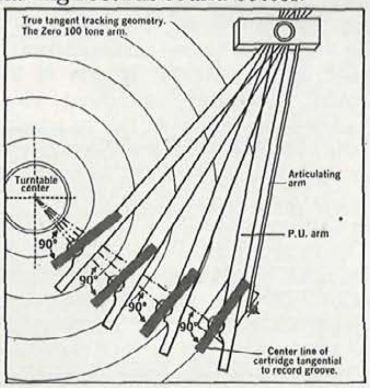
"A listening test proves to bring new life to many records, noticeably reducing distortion on the inner grooves." *Radio Electronics.*



"From about 7 in. diameter to runout, the Zero 100 delivers considerably less distortion and greater definition than with the same pickup mounted in a standard arm. The improvement in sound quality is notably impressive."
Elementary Electronics.

"The articulated arm of the Zero 100 produced less distortion, and therefore greater definition, on high-level, musically complex passages, from the inner grooves."
Hi-Fi Stereo Buyers' Guide.

That's what reviewers actually heard when they tested the first automatic turntable with Zero Tracking Error. This is, to our knowledge, the first time a turntable has been given credit for making records sound better.



Cartridges and other components, yes. But never a turntable — until the Zero 100.

By this time you probably know how we achieve Zero Tracking Error. The principle of the articulating arm, continually adjusting the angle of the cartridge so it is always at a 90° tangent to the grooves, is a simple one. But the ingenious engineering and the development of the precision pivots to make the principle work, took several years.

But enough from us. Let's go back to what the reviewers say about the Zero 100.

"It probably is the best arm yet offered as an integral part of an automatic player." *High Fidelity.*

"All of these features combined into one automatic turntable make news, even though some are found on other units. Only in the Zero 100 are they all put together." *Audio.*

When *Audio* talks about "all of these features" they're referring to such things as our magnetic anti-skating, variable speed control, illuminated strobe, viscous-damped cueing, 15° vertical tracking adjustment, patented Garrard Synchro-Lab synchronous motor and our exclusive two-point record support in automatic play.

But all of this gets back to our original point. It is the sound that makes the difference. After all, a $200 record player should give you a really meaningful difference. And the high fidelity experts agree that people who own a Zero 100 will hear better than people who don't.

If you'd like to read the reviews in full detail, we'll send them to you along with a complete brochure on the Zero 100 and the Garrard line. Write to: British Industries Company, Dept. J802, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

GARRARD ZERO 100

The only automatic turntable with Zero Tracking Error.

Mfg. by Plessey Ltd. Dist. by British Industries Company



EDITORIAL PAGE



Just as it is no coincidence that fat kids and bleeders grow up to be boxing buffs and NFL fanatics and the kids with terminal acne who had nothing to do at high-school dances but read the record-album liner notes all turned into pop-music critics, so all people who wallow in nostalgia get that misty feeling not for what they did and who they were back then, but for who they wish they had been, and for what they missed.

The veteran who never left Fort Bragg weeps into his Legion Hall beer when "Lilli Marlene" comes around on the Musak. It's invariably the girl who spent the years 1950–1960 reading Sara Teasdale alone in her room who has, over the last ten years, painstakingly collected Buddy Holly 45s over which to wax sentimental now.

There is, then, no group of people anywhere more qualified to put together a volume of sixties nostalgia than the *NatLamp* staff. Oh, others will try—you'll see, it's going to be the very next craze, sixties nostalgia—but this particular gaggle of left-footed, tin-eared, apolitical virgin misfits was ideally suited to produce a slim volume recalling those days of far-out dances, rock 'n' roll, protest, and riot—and those nights of sexual revolution.

In fact, we discovered that the sixties must have been so much fun that we're seriously considering moving our offices to Toronto, Canada, where the sixties are just getting underway.

Hey, come kiss me, sweet and thirty/Youth's a stuff will not endure. . . .—SK

Cover: The exact meaning of this month's cover is unclear, but if you play it backwards, there are some interesting hints about Paul. Its title is: "It's Going to Be the Very Next Craze" (see above). It was painted by Gilbert Stone, who did the latest Band album jacket, which makes him okay with us, because we're all into album jackets (see above).

Plug: And while we're on the subject, *The Someday Funnies*, a comic-book history of the sixties written and drawn by an amazing collection of people and edited by Michel Choquette, is due for publication shortly. The Neke Carson/Vaughn Meader comic in this issue is an excerpt from the book, as are twenty-four pages in the current *Rolling Stone*. . . which paper, by the way, is put out by boys and girls who were *really* into Sara Teasdale and album jackets (see above). □

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LONG JOHN SILVER
For people clever with their hands: album cover can be assembled into a genuine cigar box, stash box, cash box, or whatever kind of box you happen to get off on.
FTR-1007
GRUNT
Records Tapes
Manufactured & Distributed by RCA Records
The Jefferson Airplane is:
Jack Casady • Bass/Paul Kantner • Vocals, Guitar
Jorma Kaukonen • Vocals, Lead Guitar
Grace Slick • Vocals, Piano/Papa John Creach • Violin
John Barbata • Drums, Cheek
Rip Torn as Long John Silver



LETTERS

Sirs:

I have this sensational story, "He Gave Me the Clap, Then Locked Me in a Tomb," which I've sent to God-knows-how-many mags from *True Confessions* to *Weird Tales,* but nobody's buying. If you can't use it, please, send some spare change. All I need is carfare back to Jersey.

A. B. Lee
Sepulchre-by-the-Sea

Sirs:

Now if you will look to your left, you will see the Moabite Stone. It is of black basalt and measures three feet, eight inches high. Probably carved about 800 B.C., it stands as a good example of Hebrew-Phoenician writing of that period. Please, no picture-taking. Post cards are available in the gift shop. Now, if you'll just come this way . . .

Les Crane
Diban, Moab

Sirs:

I have a match, I have a match. Now wait . . . let me see . . . Number 16 and Number 10. That's a match, that's a match. Now what's my prize?

Joe Garagiola
Maspeth, N.Y.

Sirs:

You people really crack me up. Let me know if I can ever crack you up.

Bobby Hull
Easy Street

Sirs:

I have a match: David Frost and Joe Garagiola. And I ought to know.

Miss America
En route

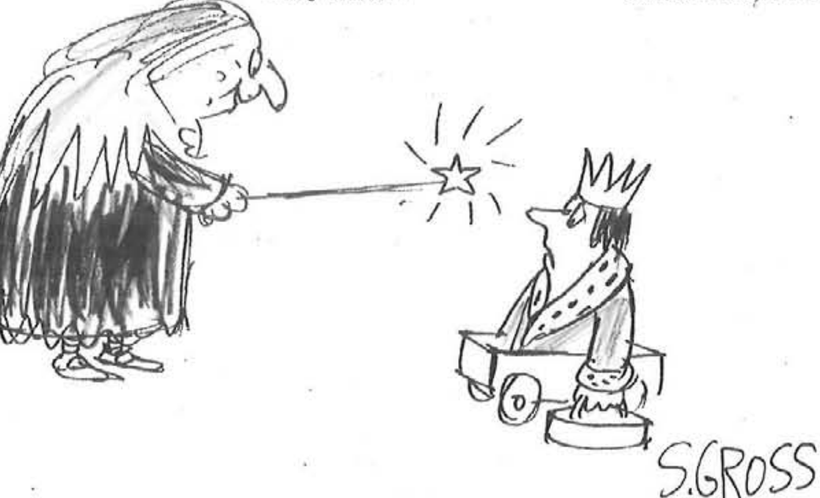
Dear Henry:

We all hope that you and your friends from NatLampCo enjoyed playing our course this past weekend. I again apologize for not being able to go around with you, but I had some pressing business that needed attention.

I was, however, able to observe you on some of the back nine, and if I may, I'd like to suggest a few changes in you and your friends' styles. First, I think you'd find it easier if you actually stood over the ball instead of giving it a running charge. Golf is largely a game of patience and skill, and the more advantages you give yourself, the simpler you'll find it. Next, that business where you kick up your leg like a baseball pitcher just before you swing at the ball is totally unnecessary, as are those God-awful cries you yelled out as you ran at the ball. (What were they? Sounded like "*KKIIIEEE* ENGLISH *FADAH YI-IIIIEEEEEAAHH.*") It is usually the custom that one person tee-off at a time and not, as you did, all assault your respective tees at once. Some of the other members were given quite a fright when they saw this. As you probably realize now, all those fencing masks, football helmets, cleats, mitts, nets, and rackets weren't necessary, were they? To say nothing of that tractor you used to travel around in. I believe Mr. Ackton of the grounds committee would like some words with you on that matter.

Please let us know if you plan to come out again. I shall be only too glad to assist you in any way I can.

William Shea
Sands Point, N.Y.



"There, you are turned back into a prince again, and incidentally, the frog's legs were delicious."

Sirs:

Please give me a nickel for every time you fail to mention I'm Jewish.

Mel Brooks
Stunning Estates, Calif.

Sirs:

How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've *quelque chose*?

Earl Butz
Secretary of Agriculture

Sirs:

For this one time only, right here, live, in your Letters column, I will sing "*Bie Mir Bist Du Schoen,*" but, unlike all the others who sing it, I will sing it with a blindfold on. My blindfold is on and I can't see a thing. And I will now begin . . . ah . . . wait . . . I can't picture how it begins. How does it begin? Just tell me how it begins. Let me just lift this blindfold for a second till I get my bearings. That's right, that's right. I got it now. Okay, the blindfold's back in place and I'm ready to begin. "*Bie, bie, bie* . . ." Ah . . . shit. I lost it again. Goddamn it. What if we try something else? I'll keep the blindfold on and you see if you can tell what I'm thinking.

Norman Bruhiem
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sirs:

I don't see eye-to-eye with many people, but I sure see eye-to-eye with Sammy and Moishe.

Sandy "Tee Hee" Duncan
Prairie Village, Calif.

Sirs:

This started out to be a two-and-one-half-hour play, but after writing this much, I realized I had a beginning, middle, and end, so shit, why make it longer! Here it is:

FIRST MAN: I find people either hungry, unconscionable, or asleep, and I should like to shove a great number of them in front of a boat. Democracy, HA! You will all wind up on your bums in a ditch.

SECOND MAN: And you, sir, for fear of your own destiny, will wind up clutching your eggs in the back alley of pensive discontent all boiling with fever.

FIRST MAN: That sir, will depend on whether I embrace Her Majesty's Royal Highland Dragoons or your mother!

Not bad, huh?

Edward Albee
Levittown, Long Island

Sirs:

I'm certainly glad you people run a magazine and not an orphanage. Enclosed is a pound of dope for knowing where your talents lie.

Art Buchwald
Washington, D.C.



JBL, Sherwood and Garrard for $499...we'll save you $253

The Stereo Warehouse Sound Co. is run and owned by a group of young people who are straight forward about what's coming off in the world of audio. We represent every major brand and offer single components and complete music systems at remarkable savings. Stereo Warehouse is an alternative for those people who are dissatisfied with the selection, service, or prices of their local outlet. Here is an example of the music systems we offer:

James B. Lansing speakers are generally accepted as the "standard of excellence" for the music industry, and accordingly, they are the most widely used speakers in professional recording studios across the nation. The model 88 features a 12" woofer capable of reproducing bass fundamentals that are full, solid and well defined. It utilizes the same high frequency driver as is used in the L-100 studio monitors and the overall sound quality of the model 88 is in the best of the JBL tradition: clean, crisp and undistorted throughout the entire audio spectrum. The model 88's come in oiled walnut cabinets that are impeccably detailed; JBL products are designed to please the professional's eye and the musician's ear.

The Model 7100A is one of Sherwood's newest models, and its performance greatly exceeds its modest price. This outstanding receiver delivers 70 watts (44 RMS) which is more than enough to drive the highly efficient JBL 88's. The performance and sound quality of this combination is far superior to music systems normally in this price range and it can be played at high volume levels without breakup or distortion. The FM section is excellent; styling is superb, and a walnut cabinet is even included.

To handle your records, we have chosen the Garrard model SL-72B changer. It is the most popular of the professional Garrard "Component" series, and it incorporates many of the same features (including synchro-lab motor and controls) as found on the famous Garrard Zero 100. It tracks with precision to one gram, and its dependability and functional conrols make it a pleasure to use — either as an automatic changer or a manual turntable. We include a base, and the Shure Hi-Track M93E elliptical cartridge.

The total regular price of this system is $752.35. Our price of $499.00 is unbeatable — and we have plenty in stock for immediate delivery. Substitutions are possible and systems come complete with connecting cables and speaker wire. Simply send us a cashier's check or money order (BankAmericard and Master Charge accepted) and we'll ship it the day we get your order. Five percent sales tax only for California people. Allow two weeks for delivery. Shipment is made freight collect, fully insured, with an average cost of $19.00. Write for our free catalog or come see us. All letters are personally answered, and we'll be glad to rap on the phone. (805) 543-2330.

James B. Lansing 88-1's (pair)	$396.00
Sherwood 7100A, AM/FM Stereo Receiver	199.95
Garrard SL-72B Record Changer	109.95
Changer Base	6.50
Shure M93E Hi-Track Elliptical Cartridge	39.95
Regular Total Price	$752.35
STEREO WAREHOUSE PRICE, COMPLETE	**$499.00**
Optional Dustcover for SL-72B	$6.50

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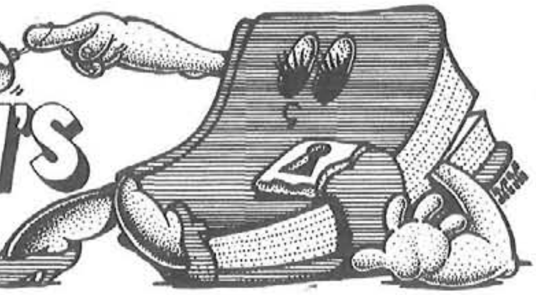
NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

Zip ______________________

NL-10-72

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

What a month! I don't mean *that* kind of month, Diary, honestly, you have a pretty dirty mind. Actually, I'm past menial pause, though I don't miss it a bit. I remember one time on a camping trip with Spiggy, I ran out of those napkin things because Spiggy thought they were marshmallows and roasted them all, and I had to use two Fig Newtons wrapped in Band-Aids. And anyway, the *Reader's Digest* says True Fulfillment As a Woman and Happiness can be achieved, even by people who have hysterical icktummies, which I don't, and that a very nice Personal Fragrance garden can be planted in the Unused Area, or it can be employed as a small darkroom or, with minor surgery, as a foolproof place to store house keys. The article was written by that nice Mamie Eisenhower, who Dick always does that funny bit with every time he sees her, where he smiles like a Cheshire cat and says, "Mamie, you superannuated gerbil-faced old mummy, Jesus what have you been using on your face, a sink brush? It looks like shredded wheat," and so forth, because she's as deaf as a post and a little ga-ga, too, and she just sits there and nods. It *is* kind of cruel, but, honest to God, it's a scream, and, where was I? Oh, yes, if *she* can get True Fulfillment, I guess I should be able to, too. Anyway, Spiggy would never know, because ever since he saw *Zorba the Greek*, he's been reading up on Greek culture, and he got this book which wasn't about freezes and temples and Socrates and Diabetes, but about how over there they kind of do things differently, and it had all these really smutty pictures, and I really shouldn't go into it, Diary, but since you brought this business up, it's your fault, well, anyway, when Spiggy feels like "putting his ponderous avoirdupoidal protuberance," as he calls it, to some use (did you know he got all those words he uses out of a book called *The Pearl*?), where most people would put it in Washington, he puts it in Baltimore, if you catch my meaning, and he says things like, "Time to take a lap around the chocolate speedway," or, "I have a delivery for your coal chute," or "Make way for Santa coming down the back chimney."

Goodness, how smutty this is becoming. Diary, if I didn't have such a high regard for posteriority, I think I'd tear out these pages and start again.

Well, what I was heading for before this digression (maybe I should wash the diary with soap and water) was, just like Spiggy always said he would, he's going to be Vice-President again, and not only that, but John Mitchell is gone, and nobody told anyone about that night with the camera at Watergate, and Dick has even stopped sending Spiggy to check up on things like Shameful State of the Undersides of Our Nation's Bridges and the Plight

continued

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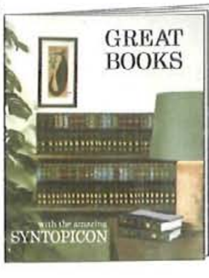
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continued

of Our Little-Used Intracoastal Waterways, and he canceled John's order of an F-111 for Spiggy's use as a Vice-Presidential plane. (You know, speaking of planes, Dick did a really warmhearted thing, and I wonder why more people don't hear about his good side. I guess the press really does need muzzling and all those amendments do need "mending," like Spiggy always says. Anyway, that darky Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, who Dick Kleindienst always calls Mistuh Justiss Rastus, got sick somewhere in the Caribbean, and Dick had the Air Force send one of those big Electra planes just to bring him back.)

Well, it really all was very sudden. One day I picked up the phone, and it was Dick, and he wanted to talk to Spiggy. This was right after that George McCarthy got nominated by the Democrats. Boy, is he woolly! Spiggy says if he gets elected, he's going to put everyone who served in Vietnam on trial, and bus fetuses from the wombs of all those black women who have too many babies to the tummies of suburban housewives, and make everyone in school get heroin shots just like polio shots. Anyway, Spiggy got on the phone and Dick told him he wanted him to stay on the ticket because he didn't want to break up "a winning combination" (I confess, Diary, I was on the kitchen extension), and Spiggy said what an honor it was, and how surprised and pleased he was, and how he was proud to have Dick's confidence, and he'd see that Dick-knew-what got back just as soon as he saw the announcement in the newspapers. And Dick said, wasn't his word good enough?, and Spiggy said, of course it was, but he knew how absentminded Dick could be, and there was nothing wrong with that, because he, Spiggy, was absentminded, too, and he might just absentmindedly drop Dick-knew-what off at the *Washington Post* instead of the White House, and then Dick said a bad word and hung up.

Well, the long and the short of it was, it was in all the papers the next day, and after breakfast I saw Spiggy get a big cardboard box full of papers out of the attic. I was going to go try and peek, but just then the phone rang, and it was Martha, and she kept me on the phone for about an hour, and I think she must of had a little something along with her Tang, because she was babbling about how John was furious at her because she had overplayed her part, and how all they wanted was for her to plead with John to give up his heavy schedule so he could get out of the campaign before Pat Gray got too close with the FBI investigation of that Watergate business, because Gray wanted to be Secretary of State next time around to keep things quiet, and they already had to give that to John Connally, and he was just mad enough to make a mess of things, and anyway, "political prisoner" wasn't her idea, it was Ron Ziegler's, and why was John complaining, because it had worked, and everyone thought he had to quit because she was crazy, and, speaking of crazy, did I know that Dick had been seeing a psychiatrist for the last nine years, because John said if they put too much heat on him he'll blow the whistle, though it wouldn't matter much if a certain person who had taken all the secret orders to General Lavelle, and the records of a few people's stock transactions in that Occidental Oil Company stock, and the draft of the new Constitution, and the photostats of the campaign-contribution checks from the Teamsters, Lockheed, North American Rockwell, and all those companies that used to make cyclamates didn't give them back.

Right there, I put two and two together, and when Spiggy came home, I asked him right off whether he had taken advantage of Dick, to make him keep him on as Vice-President, because I couldn't go along with that, and he looked sort of blank for a minute and said, no, he wouldn't do a thing like that, he had just made Dick an offer he couldn't refuse, that was all.

Well, that was about all that happened, except that Spiggy suffered sort of a disappointment, because he worked very hard on a speech he was going to give at the convention, welcoming that Senator Eagleton to the campaign as his opponent, and it's just like Spiggy to do something generous and thoughtful like that, and there again, it just goes to show you how biased all those newspapers are, that they never say anything about how Spiggy really has a warm heart. Not only that, but Spiggy had the campaign people print up a whole lot of these really nice-looking bumper stickers with a lightning bolt on a blue background that said VOLT FOR EAGLETON, though I think they were accidentally misspelled, and he was going to send them around to everybody, which I think was being a little too nice, since nobody wants that awful McCarthy to be President, and then Eagleton resigned, which seems silly, I mean, if Dick has been seeing a psychiatrist, and even though he doesn't talk about it much, I know Spiggy is still sensitive about that partial lobotomy he had just after the Korean War when he kept running around yelling, "My spaghetti is unbottoned, my spaghetti is unbuttoned," and I had to knock him out with a seven iron from his golf bag. Anyway, the night they announced it Spiggy got really mad, because he had put so much time into that speech, but I gave him his favorite Virgin Islands rum and prune whip, and he calmed down, and he read me part of it in bed. It really was a very nice speech, and it said how he was honored to be running against someone who was such a dynamo with such an electrifying personality and had generated so much enthusiasm, and even if he had sparked a controversy, he certainly was well-grounded in government and seemed to be a live wire and to be really charged up for the campaign, and he was sure he'd bring his direct approach to bear on current affairs, and hoped he'd be able to insulate his home life from the glare of publicity, and so on. It really was awfully nice.

I told Spiggy I thought it would have been a wonderful gesture, and it was too bad he wouldn't have a chance to give the speech, and Spiggy gave me that Anthony Quinn look he's been practicing and turned out the light, rolled over, and said, "There's a fast freight due on the Brown Route."

All for now,

Judy

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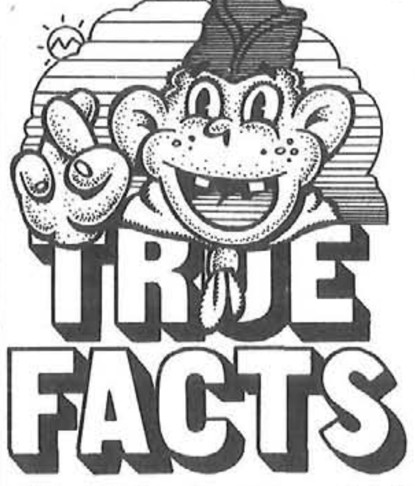
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• Jane Fonda, who on a recent visit to Hanoi made antiwar broadcasts over North Vietnamese radio, was Miss Army Recruiting in 1962. *National Review* (S. Flotsky)

• Sipche, a village in northern Nepal not far from Katmandu, has no men in it. According to a recent official census, the women of the village for some reason believed that the one-hundreth man they killed would turn into gold and make them rich, and at the same time help them get into heaven.

The women apparently lured the men to a feast, at which they were fed dishes mixed with harital, a poisonous root. The village is now entirely inhabited by children and widows. *London Express* (J. J. Gilly)

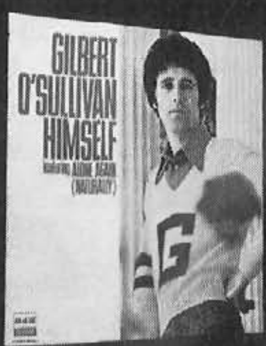
• In Tokyo, where nightclubs often resort to elaborate gimmicks to entice customers, the Shojo Hiko cabaret features hostesses dressed as protesters and helmeted waiters decked out as riot police, and stages several "demonstrations" each night in which customers who aren't drinking enough beer are "picketed" and jeered at until they call over a waiter-policeman and place an order. At the Transistor cabaret, on the Ginza, all of the hostesses are under four feet tall. *Variety* (J. M. Burchfield)

• Following a successful operation to remove her two adrenal glands, Jane Anne Pepler, a seventeen-year-old high-school student from Benoni, an industrial city fifteen miles east of South Africa, began to suffer from large dark blemishes on her neck. Within three months after surgery, they covered her entire body, and she is now commonly mistaken for a "colored," the official designation the apartheid South African regime gives to nonwhites. Although her family, friends, and fellow students have become used to her altered pigmentation, she is often refused service in public restaurants and directed to fa-

continued



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cilities reserved for nonwhites.

"I feel the same as I did when I was white," said Miss Pepler, whose condition is apparently the result of a glandular imbalance, "but it is terribly humiliating to even go into the street and know that I am no longer accepted as white. I hope I will be white again soon."

"It is particularly embarrassing for us," said her mother, "since we believe in white supremacy." *Hartford Courant* (C. Racska)

• Chief Luis Torres of the San Juan, Puerto Rico, police has ordered his vice-squad agents to stop having sexual intercourse with prostitutes to secure convictions against them. *San Francisco Chronicle* (H. Young)

• A forty-two-year-old man from Ponce, Puerto Rico, came to the local hospital complaining of a pain in his shoulder. When doctors examined him, they discovered two inches of coat-hanger wire protruding from his rectum. An X ray disclosed that he had a soft-drink bottle protruding into the peritoneal cavity of his lower abdomen. The man eventually admitted that he had attempted to give himself an enema with a carbonated beverage and that the bottle somehow became lodged in his rectal area. When he couldn't get it out, he fashioned a hook from a coat hanger and had his wife fish with it for the bottle. An operation to remove the accumulated flotsam was successful. *Journal of the American Medical Association* (M. Buchbinder)

• One morning in May, an insurance salesman on his way to work on Wall Street was standing near the open doors of a New York subway car that had stopped at a station, when a short, well-dressed man entered the car, bumped into him, then abruptly left again. The insurance salesman instinctively felt for his wallet and, finding it missing, reached out and grabbed the short man by his jacket collar.

The subway doors closed with their rubber edges around the salesman's wrists, but he held on even after the car started moving, and managed to drag the other man several feet along the station platform before the material of the man's jacket tore, leaving him holding a few inches of tweed in his hands.

Ten minutes after the insurance salesman reached his office, still fuming at the incident, his wife called to tell him that he had left his wallet at home. *New York Times* (M. Nichols)

• "Thieves" in the Italian seaside resort town of Citta Sant' Angelo stole a river not long ago. In an obviously well-planned operation one night last summer, a small army of workmen with excavators and bulldozers altered the riverbed of the Saline River, causing it to flow into the Adriatic Sea five hundred yards north of its original course, thus adding nearly half a mile of highly valuable beach property to Montesilvano, a rival, neighboring resort town with lower taxes and a more liberal attitude toward beachfront development.

Mayor Giancarlo di Camillo of Sant' Angelo has lodged a river-hijacking charge against "persons and forces unknown." *Kansas City Times* (B. Riordan)

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The most critical element in a hi-fi system is the speakers. To sustain the excellence of the Pioneer SX-424, we're including a pair of Pioneer CS-44 2-way speaker systems. Each uses a powerful 8-inch woofer and 2½-inch cone tweeter for full rich bass and crisp, clean highs, with low, low distortion. You'll be amazed at the natural sound they produce from your records, tapes and FM.

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DEMOCRATS LAUNCH CAMPAIGN!



A study of the makeup of the delegates to the Republican National Convention in Miami Beach has revealed that the changes in the delegate-selection procedure embodied in the so-called "Hruska Rules," which the Party adopted last spring in an effort to widen its base among the so-called Bermuda grass roots, have significantly altered the character of the GOP nomination process. The more startling statistics, as reported by convention officials:

- 47% of the delegates were under eighty years of age.
- 22% had a net worth of less than $100,000.
- 34% were from minority Protestant sects, including Lutherans, Swedenborgians, Pentecostals, and members of the Church of the Nazarene.
- 14% had at least one nonwhite servant.
- 33% were of Southern European descent.
- Only 16% held high positions in companies with major defense contracts.
- Twice as many were selected by ballot in open-party caucuses than in 1968 (2.4% vs. 1.1%).
- 94% bought at least two new pairs of shoes and a major appliance in 1971.
- 47% mow their own lawns.
- 61% have at least one friend of the Jewish faith.
- 21% were legally dead.

In what his chief campaign aides admit is a calculated attempt to "move toward the center" and widen his appeal to voters, Senator McGovern is said to be considering "minor modifications" of his often controversial stands on a number of national issues. Included in the general "reevaluation" of his past statements are a number of shifts from previously held positions:

- In the area of income redistribution, McGovern will reportedly sup-

continued on page 20



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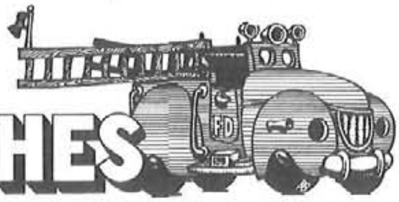
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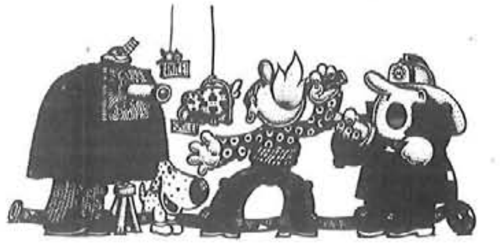
You see, there's nothing wrong with being different.

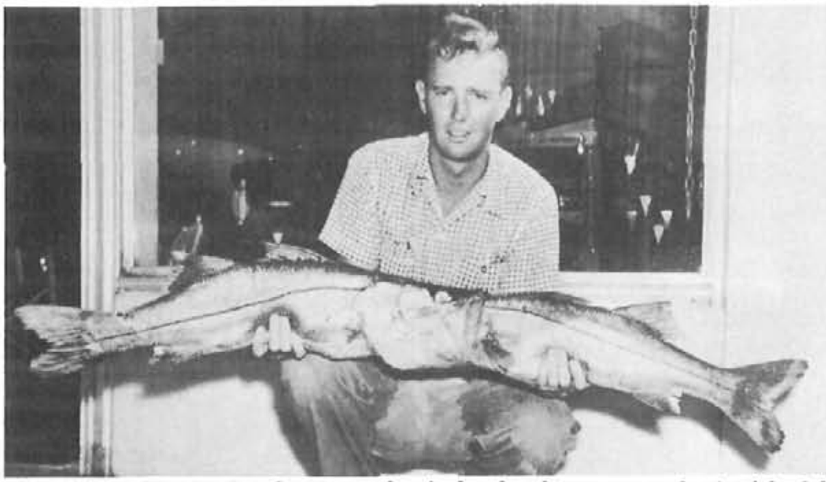
In fact, sometimes different is better.

Sometimes different is better.

HOT FLASHES







Key Biscayne, Florida: Another example of what has become a rash of grisly fish suicides along the Key Biscayne shoreline is grimly displayed by professional fisherman A. J. Liebling. "It's a damn shame," Liebling said, "and I don't care *who* the guy is who thinks he can fart in these waters and get away with it!"



San Diego, California: For the first time, cigarette smoking was directly linked to charley horses in mambo instructors. "The charley horse has been one of the greatest cripplers of instructors," stated head researcher Dr. Leonard Isinglass, "and it's a nice thing to know, isn't it? I mean, if you're a mambo instructor and you smoke."



Houston, Texas: This never-before-published photo is purported to have been taken only minutes before the then President Lyndon Johnson made his famous television announcement to refuse a second term. "I don't know what came over me," Johnson has been quoted as saying, "but suddenly it just seemed like a good idea."



Washington, D.C.: The individual above is not a Hollywood monster, but ex-Senate page boy Scotty Lang. Until five months ago, Scotty was a normal five-foot-nine-inch, seventeen-year-old boy. At first Scotty's miraculous transformation was attributed to glandular imbalances, but the actual cause was discovered only last week. "Not that it's going to help the next victim," said Mrs. Lang. "I mean, how do you ask the President to please not fart in the White House swimming pool?"

continued from page 16
port some form of "reduced" family grant, probably calling for the allocation to every American his choice of a clock radio, an imitation-leather desk set, or a Sunbeam toaster.

• The candidate will still support bussing, but on a two-phase basis that will call for children to be bussed through black communities, then returned to their own schools, a plan he likened to "testing the water with your toes."

• On the amnesty question, McGovern will call for all draft-dodgers who fled to Canada to avoid the war to perform "a couple of years" of socially useful work, possibly making license plates or sewing mailbags in "federal restitution centers."

• His stand on the defense cuts he proposed is said to be "still under study," but there are indications of a plan to build combination antiballistic missile sites and day-care centers.

• McGovern would continue the costly space-shuttle program, but would insist that Chicanos, blacks, women, and other minorities be proportionately represented on all flights.

• On Israel, a very touchy issue that has so far cost McGovern heavily among Jewish voters, the Senator will stick by his call for an evenhanded reexamination of the situation in the Middle East and, with this in mind, will probably come out in favor of giving the Arabs a better hearing and the Israelis atomic weapons.

• As far as marijuana and abortion is concerned, McGovern is expected to support the right of mothers to have the operation so long as the life of the child is not endangered, and to press for the elimination of the penalties for mere possession of marijuana as long as anyone arrested while carrying it can prove he never intended to smoke it.

The Pentagon recently disclosed, with ill-disguised glee, a report of the murder by the Communists of several hundred South Vietnamese Government officials in Binh Dinh Province and other areas they took during the offensive they began earlier in the spring, and at the same time disclosed that American bombing throughout Indochina was at its highest level in the long history of the war. Apart from the ever-present semantic slag that makes paramilitary representatives of the South Vietnamese Government executed by the North Vietnamese the victims of "a massacre," and those individuals, both belligerent and nonbelligerent alike, who are unfortunate enough to be converted into pet food from fifty thousand feet by concussion bombs "the inevitable civilian casualties" to be accepted as an unavoidable part of "interdiction bombing," there is still something in the vast disparity between the two forms of murder that eludes even the cleverest Defense Department wordsmiths and erodes whatever moral comfort there might be in reflecting that, whee! the Communists, too, are capable of moronic slaughter.

In this regard, there are a pair of questions that arise if the actions of the President of the United States are compared with those of two Americans of humbler station but not of instantly differing moralities: Charles Whitman, the so-called Texas tower murderer, who in 1966 killed sixteen people from a vantage point on the University of Texas campus before he himself was killed; and Arthur Bremer, the would-be assassin of George Wallace, who also stalked Richard Nixon.

First, are gross acts of mindless violence committed from high places, whether a college tower, the cockpit of a B-52, or a command room in the White House, made less vile than cold-blooded premeditated murder by virtue of the perpetrator's ignorance of his victims' identity, his lack of any specific discernible purpose, and his demonstrable incapability of distinguishing between right and wrong? And second, is there not something fundamentally awry in the notion that a strange obsession with one's place in history and a warped sense of wounded pride, emotions which ap-

continued on page 24

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3860 HILLSIDE SINGERS
I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing
Metromedia



6672 JACKSON 5
Lookin' Through The Window **Motown**

6870 THE GOSPEL SOUL OF ARETHA FRANKLIN Checker

2779 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. Two
Scepter



5138 LED ZEPPELIN
Atlantic

2783 B. J. THOMAS
Billy Joe
Scepter



0635 ISAAC HAYES/ SHAFT Original ST (2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Enterprise



5206 CREAM
Live, Vol. II **Atco**

9114 OSMONDS
Phase III **MGM**

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continued from page 20

pear with equal regularity in the diary of Arthur Bremer and the speeches on Indochina of Richard Nixon, should, when voiced by the former person, be held to be the symptoms of a deranged homicidal maniac, but when offered by the latter be routinely accepted as a rational basis for the continuation of a contemptible war?

And even if killing of any kind is always, exactly, and only murder, regardless of whatever depraved rationalization—patriotic, psychotic, or otherwise—is offered for its commission, and we hold ourselves as not less, but no more, guilty than the North Vietnamese, then there still must be the matter of the scale that separates local executions and mass bombing of essentially civilian targets. On the one hand, there is the wanton and deliberate policy of assassination being widely practiced by the North Vietnamese, as they ruthlessly carry out their stated aims, well within the long tradition of lunatic liquidations willed to world Communism by Josef Stalin; but on the other, there is the calculated policy of aerial bombardment being pursued by the United States, as President Nixon—himself the intended target of one, and who knows what other, maniacs—unreachable and invisible in a high place, methodically attempts the assassination of an entire country.

Our sources have revealed that the real reason for the invitation President Nixon offered to Bobby Fischer to come to the White House at the conclusion of his match with Boris Spassky was to offer the championship chess player, whose admiration for the President as a man of courage is well-known, his choice of being Ambassador to the United Nations or Chief Negotiator at the Paris peace talks. It is apparently hoped that Fischer will accept the latter post, and the President is said to be planning to press him hard to do so on the basis of a report prepared by State Department officials, Defense Department psychologists, and members of the National Security Council staff at the suggestion of Dr. Henry Kissinger. According to the highly classified study, Fischer is the man most likely to be able to break down the North Vietnamese negotiating team. A possible model scenario for Fischer, complete with a timetable detailing his likely methods and providing for an acceptable resolution of the war well before the November elections, was included:

Oct. 17. First session of the new series of talks begins in Paris at 10:00 A.M. Fischer does not appear. Communist negotiators wait until 11:00 A.M., then leave.

Oct. 18. Fischer issues a statement from a retreat in the Poconos calling for "a better offer" from the other side if he is to participate in the talks, and adds that "there will be no talks" unless one is made.

Oct. 19. Faced with a permanent suspension of the negotiations, Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim issues a statement in which he says he is "certain" both sides would accept an internationally supervised cease-fire and a partial prisoner-exchange as a "gesture of good faith." The Communists, infuriated by Waldheim's statement, nevertheless are forced to agree in principle.

Oct. 20. Bobby demands the release of half of the American prisoners as a condition for his participation. The next session is postponed until October 23.

Oct. 21. In a press conference in Paris, Le Duc Tho, the chief North Vietnamese negotiator, offers to release fifty American prisoners if the Americans reciprocate and if the bombing of North Vietnam is halted as a precondition.

Oct. 22. Bobby agrees to a "temporary bombing halt" as proof of "good faith," but insists on 175 prisoners as an absolute minimum.

Oct. 23. The second session begins at 10:00 A.M. Fischer again does not appear. The Communist negotiators leave at 10:45 A.M.

Oct. 24. Secretary-General Waldheim offers a U.N. facility in Switzerland as a "neutral holding area" for the prisoners to be exchanged, and suggests that the "largest possible number" be included in the transaction.

Oct. 25. No activity.

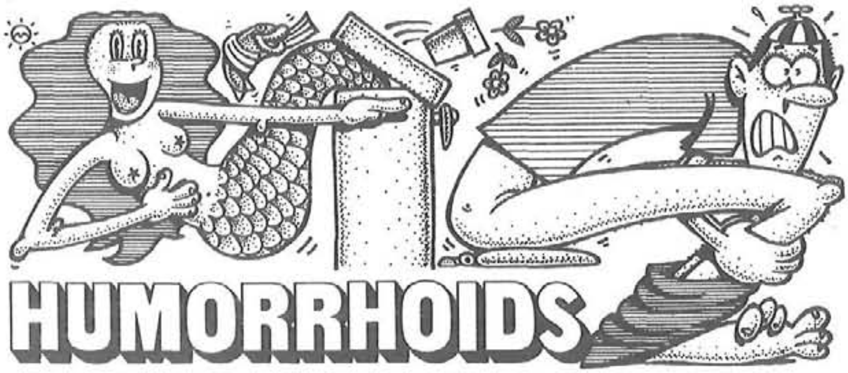
Oct. 26. One hundred fifty American prisoners of war fly on a chartered Air France plane to Geneva. One hundred fifty North Vietnamese prisoners fly on a chartered Pan American plane to Geneva. President Nixon issues an order for a temporary bombing halt.

Oct. 27. Bobby Fischer's plane arrives at 2:34 at Orly Airport. Fischer is not on board. Fischer issues no statement.

Oct. 28. Fischer arrives in Paris shortly after midnight and goes directly to his hotel without making a comment. He is carrying a chess board.

Oct. 29. Third session of the Paris peace talks opens at 10:00 A.M. Fischer is not present for the opening. Communist negotiators leave at 10:30 A.M. Fischer arrives at 10:42 and issues statement condemning Communists for "sabotaging" the peace talks. Communist negotiators return at 2:00 P.M. Fischer is not present.

Oct. 30. Fourth session of Paris

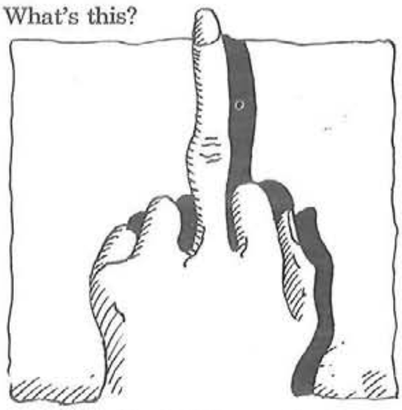


HUMORRHOIDS

A Treasury of Sixties Humor

by P. J. O'Rourke

What's this?



1. A Russian Nielsen rating!
2. The projected population of Katanga in 1970!
3. A Green Beret fork!
4. Mississippi's registered Negro voters!
5. The number of Sammy Davis's kids' white parents!

Why do so few people commit suicide on Quemoy?
Because you can't kill yourself jumping out of a cave!

What's the Polish word for heaven?
East Germany!

Why aren't there any integrated houseboats?
Freedom buses don't float!

"I was only following orders," said Eichmann, pendulously.

What's pink and goes "SMOCK! SMOCK!"?
Steve Allen!

How do you get two hundred anti-Castro elephants to invade Cuba?
Promise them air support!

What's enormous and filled with water?
Moby Thresher!

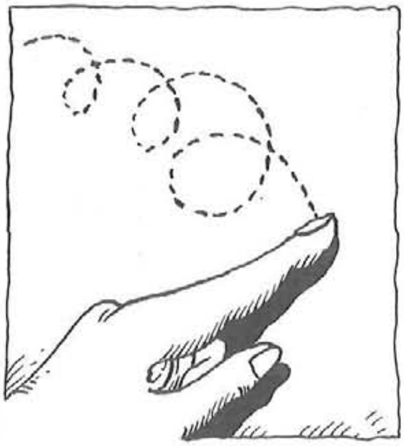
The Vaughn Meader doll: wind up Lee Harvey Oswald and it's out of work!

What's the difference between Helen Keller and the Warren Commission?
Helen Keller knows Braille!

"Mommy, Mommy, can I stop saluting now?"
"Shut up, John-John, or I'll nail the other hand to your forehead!"

The Jack Ruby doll: it winds up in jail!

What's this?



Ralph Nader parking a Corvair!

How do you get information out of an elephant?
Fix him up with Christine Keeler!

What's the most dangerous letter?
One that you have to drop into a mailbox in Quebec!

How do you get an elephant to Lyndon Johnson?
Through Bobby Baker!

What's large, black, armed, and dangerous?
A Negro!

What's small, hard, gray, and lethal?
Grape shot!

"We're beginning to see the light at the end of the tunnel," said LBJ, frequently.

What's large, surrounded by water, and suffering from a dangerous marine infestation?
Moby Dominican Republic!

Did you hear about the Vietnamese girl who was found naked in a ditch and whose entire body was purple?
She'd been grapalmed!

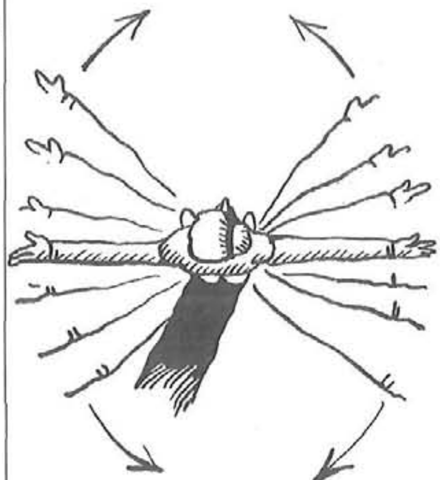
What's the difference between astronauts and Buddhist monks?
Astronauts burn faster!

The Vietnam War doll: stick the Ky in and it keeps winding up!

What's black on the top, blue on the bottom, and all over the beach?
Moby Oil Slick!

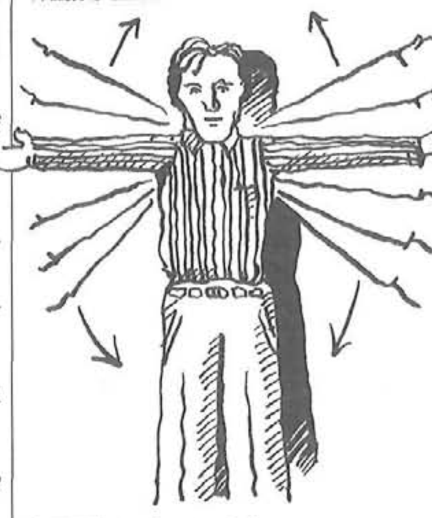
Did you hear that Flipper's not really a dolphin?
He's a nine-year-old Thalidomide baby!

What's this?



A TFX!

What's this?



A TFX trying to fly!

"Mommy, Mommy, how far is Edgartown?"
"Shut up, Teddy, and keep swimming!"

"Helter-Skelter?" said Sharon Tate, pregnantly. □



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* Suggested retail price.

SONY® 6650 4-channel receiver



continued from page 25

peace talks begins at 10:00 A.M. Communist negotiators arrive at 9:49 A.M. Fischer arrives at 10:15 A.M. Fischer immediately calls for removal of photographers' lights and silencing of stenographic machines. Communist negotiators refuse. Fischer leaves.

Oct. 31. No session is scheduled. Fischer is not available for comment. Communist negotiators issue statement condemning Fischer as "cheap parlor trickster."

Nov. 1. Fifth session of Paris peace talks begins at 10:00 A.M. Communists arrive at 9:51 A.M. Fischer arrives at 10:17 A.M. Photographers' lights and stenographic machines have been removed. Without waiting for Communist negotiators to agree, Fischer motions for workmen to replace peace table with large formica-topped kitchen table. Communist negotiators consult briefly, then leave. Fischer immediately issues statement accusing Communists of "putting the negotiations back to square one with a petty disagreement over the shape of the table."

Nov. 2. No session scheduled. Rumors persist that Fischer has returned to the U.S.

Nov. 3. Communist negotiators arrive for sixth session of Paris peace talks at 10:07 A.M. Fischer, who arrived at 9:45 A.M., pointedly looks at his watch. Le Duc Tho calls for replacement of "Thieu puppet regime" as a first precondition to further negotiations. Fischer stares at Tho fixedly during the nearly two-hour-long speech. At its conclusion, Tho leaves the room hurriedly, visibly perspiring. Fischer says the U.S. will immediately accept a cease-fire between "frontline main-force units" of North Vietnam and the U.S. in South Vietnam to be followed by discussions on a cease-fire between South Vietnamese troops and "Vietcong guerrilla forces." Pham Dinh, assistant North Vietnamese negotiator, states that North Vietnam has no troops in the South, and that "the imperialistic American forces" are the only outside force in the country. Fischer replies that if this is the case, he presumes that as soon as American forces stop firing, there will be no more main-force engagements, and that if there are, they would of course be evidence of both North Vietnam's dishonesty and its unwillingness to make the slightest gesture toward a cease-fire. After lengthy consultation, Communist negotiators ask for a recess to study the matter under discussion. Fischer agrees.

Nov. 4. Seventh session of Paris peace talks postponed by agreement of both sides until November 5. Newsmen report having seen Le Duc Tho being carried on a stretcher into waiting plane at Orly Airport.

Nov. 5. Both sides arrive promptly at 10:00 A.M. for seventh session. North Vietnamese negotiators issue a statement "concurring in decision by the Provisional Government of the National Liberation Front" to agree to a complete cease-fire by "any and all forces" in South Vietnam. Fischer agrees, with reservations, providing an additional agreement by both sides "not to make any moves" during the cease-fire be included. Communist negotiators agree. Because of the proximity of the American elections, Fischer leaves a sealed aide-mémoire clarifying his reservations in the custody of a neutral observer "to prevent misconstructions or charges of political interference" and, for the same reason, asks that the eighth session, originally scheduled for the next day, be shifted forward to November 9, two days after the election. Communist negotiators agree.

Nov. 6. Fischer returns to Poconos for a rest.

Nov. 7. No activity.

Nov. 8. No activity.

Nov. 9. Eighth session begins at 10:00 A.M. Communist negotiators arrive at 10:01 A.M. Fischer does not appear. At 11:00 A.M. his aide-mémoire is opened. It contains a statement notifying the North Vietnamese of the resumption of bombing and a statement from the President of Switzerland to the effect that the prisoners in his country under international law cannot be returned to their previous captors. Communist negotiators leave abruptly. From his retreat in the Poconos, Fischer issues statement expressing "pride and pleasure" at his appointment as Secretary of State. □

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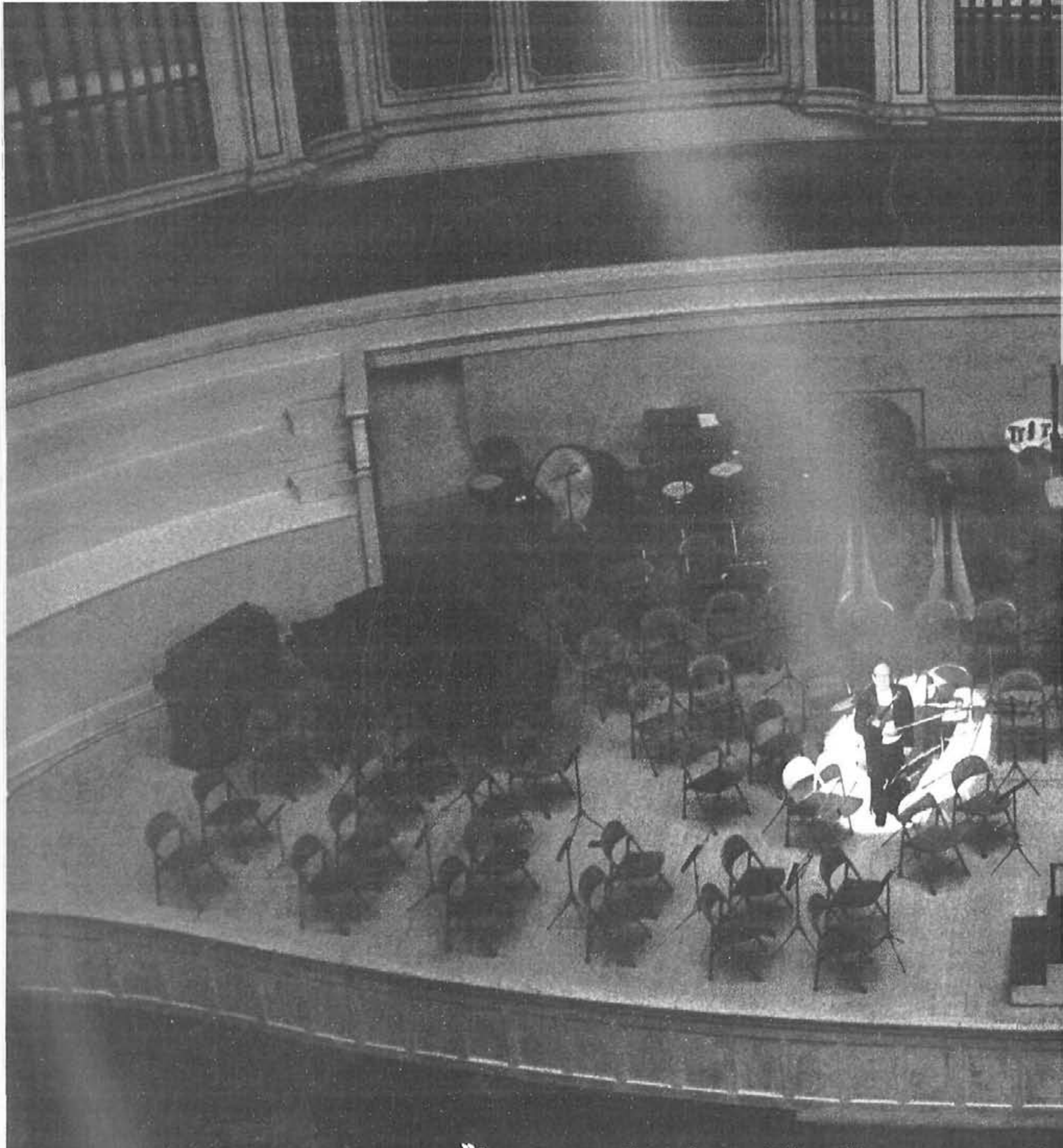
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But I'm easily recognizable at home thanks to the Harman/Kardon 75+."

Philip Scharf, second violinist, The Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

You can use it as a four-channel receiver. Right now. Put all your speakers in one room and the 75+ will play the records and tapes you now own through four amplifiers and speakers. Its unique phasing circuit takes your regular stereo material and reproduces it as "enhanced stereo."

Of course, as soon as you decide to buy four-channel records, the 75+ is ready to play them, too.

If you love music, the best reason for owning a 75+ was summed up by no less an authority than Philip Scharf himself:

"It's given me a whole



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15 Examples of Psychology Today



SPARE THE ROD USE BEHAVIOR MOD

Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior in a child, argue the behavior modification therapists, why not just change the behavior? There are startling examples of the effectiveness of this approach.

CLAPTRAP™ ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief, old persons are not necessarily lonely or desolate. Few ever show overt signs of senility. For those who do, psychological and psychiatric treatment is by no means futile.



HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynamics, the presidential advisors on Vietnam and other foreign policy disasters were victims of what the author calls "groupthink"—and he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making.



UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of children's art over the past 20 years has made some startling discoveries. Children's scribblings and drawings, she says, contain a voluminous written message which has not yet been completely deciphered.



WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the possibility of successful achievement. "Consciously or unconsciously, the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity."





THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallels between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy. Dorothy is the patient. The Wizard is the therapist who appears first as a monster, then as a fraud, then simply as a good and helpful person.

LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin—so beautifully that it moved Pablo Casals to tears.



SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by guilt feelings over his ruthless, grandiose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings. What should you do?



GUILT-EDGED GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame. Empathy plays an important part too.



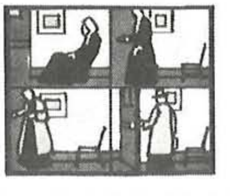


HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying effectiveness of different techniques, including having smoke blown back into your face, doubling your smoking and then stopping, electric shock, and role playing.

WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious assumptions about a woman's "natural" talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women as among men. Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors.



THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today's job-hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change. More and more, however, he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider.



IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out, a researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions. The results were not what you might expect.



GEORGE WALLACE'S SUPPORTERS

Months before the political analysts started explaining the "message" being sent by Wallace voters, an analysis in Psychology Today made it clear that racism was not the main key to the Wallace support.



THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When, why, and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations.



You don't have to be a professional psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to enjoy Psychology Today. If the examples above turn you on, you are invited to tune in.

Psychological discoveries have progressed as far from Freud's id and Pavlov's salivating dogs as rockets have from kites and balloons. But until now it has been difficult for the well-read layman to keep up.

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Don't let it be forgot
That once there was a spot
For what seemed like forever
That was known as Camelot.

by Dean Latimer, P. J. O'Rourke, and Henry Beard

ISRAELIS KILLED AMERICAN SERVING WITH TERRORISTS

Special to The New York Times

JERUSALEM, June 1—Police here claim that one of the Arab commandos killed in last Tuesday's rocket attack on an Israeli schoolbus carried an American passport and was apparently an American citizen. The dead commando was identified as Sirhan Bishara Sirhan of Los Angeles, California.

U.S. Customs and Immigration officials refused to comment on the disclosure until they had conducted their own investigation. A check in the Los Angeles area revealed several Sirhan families, but as yet there has been no confirmation that the dead terrorist was related to any of them.

If the identification is correct, this would be the first American citizen known to have been killed in guerrilla action against Israel.

The Israeli Government has called the schoolbus attack, which occurred outside Hebron in the occupied west bank of the Jordan, "the Arab terrorists' most vicious and senseless act to date." Fifteen children between the ages of 6 and 12 were killed and 18 others were injured.

An Israeli Army patrol caught the commandos in the midst of the ambush, killing eight of an estimated dozen guerrillas.

The brutal assault on the schoolbus has further increased tension and concern in Israel over Arab terrorist attacks. As the first anniversary of the Six-Day War approaches, internal security is at an all-time high, especially in the west bank and Gaza Strip areas.

5 Years After His Arrest as U.S. 'Spy' L. H. Oswald Still in Russian Prison

MOSCOW, July 17 — Five years to the day have elapsed since Lee H. Oswald, an obscure 21-year-old American from New Orleans, La., was imprisoned by the Russians as an American spy.

Oswald, who, ironically, originally journeyed to Russia in October, 1959, to seek a new home after becoming disenchanted with the American system, was arrested on July 17, 1960, and after a short trial that nearly resulted in cancellation of the Soviet-American cultural exchange program of that year, was sentenced to a 10-year term for "espionage and anti-Soviet activities."

It was generally believed at the time that the arrest was timed to prolong the period of anti-American propaganda that began with the capture and trial of Francis Gary Powers in the spring of the same year. Powers was later exchanged for Col. Rudolf Abel, in February, 1962, but when an attempt by the U.S. to include Oswald in the exchange threatened to scuttle the deal, Oswald was left in Russian hands.

Oswald had married a Russian girl named Marina Nicholacuna shortly before his arrest and was planning to return with her to the U.S. Although his parents reported that they had received letters from him that showed an increasingly critical attitude toward the Soviet way of life, there was no evidence that he had participated in any illegal activities.

State Department officials at the time publicly ridiculed the Soviet charges, pointing out that Oswald, a high-strung, intense, nervous young man who had a history of difficulties in the Marine Corps, some of them psychiatric, which led to his transfer to the inactive reserves, was hardly the sort of person the C.I.A. would send to Russia as a spy.

Oswald, who is now 26, has spent all but the month or so immediately surrounding his trial at the sprawling Lubyanka Prison compound in the Vereshemenko section of Moscow, where embassy officials have been periodically granted permission to visit him. Requests by his parents for visas to visit the U.S.S.R. to see their son have been repeatedly denied, and his wife, Marina, has not been seen since the trial.

Officials who have seen Oswald on various occasions report that, although he has often appeared moody, pensive or depressed, he seems to be in good health, and there are no signs that he has been maltreated in any way during his confinement.

The State Department has been quietly pressing for Oswald's release for some time, and in spite of a lack of concrete response from the Soviets, it is generally thought that he will be released, probably before the end of the summer, as a goodwill gesture in an era of improving relations.

Meanwhile, he waits in prison, a lonely, tragic figure, the victim of forces beyond his control or comprehension.

Icelandic Releases Casualty List from Idlewild Disaster

NEW YORK, April 6—Icelandic Airlines officials today released a partial list of casualties in the April 4 crash of Icelandic Flight 505 at Idlewild Airport.

Reported dead are:

JOHANSON, Gunnar; pilot; Reykjavik, Iceland
OLSEN, Daag; co-pilot; Kopasker, Iceland
YAGGER, Olaf; navigator; Copenhagen, Denmark
BERGMAN, Miss Heidi; air stewardess; Reykjavik, Iceland
GRUEN, Miss Ingrid; senior air stewardess; Reykjavik, Iceland
KIISS, Miss Kadi; air stewardess; Vik, Iceland
SVENNSONNE, Miss Heda; air stewardess; Akranes, Iceland
ADZE, Miss Eunice D.; Yonkers, N.Y.
BENSON, Elliot; Chicago, Ill.
CLONET, Mr. and Mrs. A. D.; Philadelphia, Pa.
DAYAN, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph V.; Long Island City, N.Y.
FRANKENHAUER, Robert L.; New York, N.Y.
JAFFIE, James C.; Jersey City, N.J.
KOPECHNE, Mr. and Mrs.; Berkeley Heights, N.J.
KOPECHNE, Miss Mary J.; Berkeley Heights, N.J.
MINSKI, Miss Jessica; Brooklyn, N.Y.
NELSTEIN, Morris, Cleveland, Ohio
OLSON, Mrs. Lulu; Darien, Conn.

Seventeen remaining names are being withheld pending notification of relatives.

The tragic early-morning crash, the cause of which is as yet unknown, killed all 31 passengers and 7 crew members on board.

It was Idlewild's worst air disaster in almost three years. In August, 1965, a TWA jetliner exploded on takeoff, killing 58 and injuring 27.

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

LATE CITY EDITION

Weather: Chance of showers today, tonight. Fair and mild tomorrow. Temp. range: today 64-72; Sunday 60-72. Temp.-Hum. Index yesterday 69. Full U.S. report on Page 60

VOL.CXXI...No.41,891 NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1972 — 15 CENTS

ELLSBERG & RUSSO GUILTY IN TRIAL ON PENTAGON PAPERS

Jury Convicts Both in Theft of Government Documents; Sentencing Date Set

ATTORNEYS VOW APPEAL

Attorney General Kennedy Praises Judge and Jury; Mrs. Ellsberg Weeps

By PETER PHILLIPS
Special to The New York Times

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 8—After deliberating for three days, a jury of four men and eight women today found Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony J. Russo, Jr., guilty of violating the Espionage Act, conspiracy, and misusing Government property. The crimes carry a maximum penalty of 115 years in prison.

Judge William Byrne set Nov. 5 as the date for sentencing the two men, both of whom had been charged with conspiring to reproduce and disseminate to a number of newspapers, including The New York Times, portions of the so-called Pentagon Papers study of the American involvement in Vietnam.

The defendants appeared to take the verdict calmly, although Patricia Ellsberg, wife of Daniel Ellsberg, began crying softly when the foreman intoned the word "Guilty."

Lawyers for Ellsberg and Russo said that the decision would be appealed "immediately." Leonard Boudin, chief counsel for the defense, called the verdict "an abomination."

Kennedy Issues Statement

In Washington meanwhile, Attorney General Edward Kennedy released a statement praising Judge Byrne for his "wisdom and restraint" throughout the trial and commending the jury "for its sound, well-con-

Senator Thomas F. Eagleton Badly Injured in Car Crash

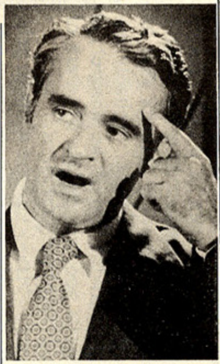
By STANLEY WEINER

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—Thomas F. Eagleton, junior senator from Missouri, was seriously injured late yesterday when the automobile he was driving apparently went out of control and crossed a divider strip, colliding head-on with a car carrying six Roman Catholic nuns.

The sisters, members of the Carmelite Order, were pronounced dead on arrival at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital in Silver Springs, Maryland. Senator Eagleton remains in a coma today. His condition is listed as critical.

Police said the senator was northbound on the Baltimore-Washington Parkway and that he was apparently traveling "at a high rate of speed." The parkway has a speed limit of 45 miles an hour in the area where the accident occurred. Police also revealed this morning that "a number of empty alcoholic beverage receptacles" were found in the wreckage of the senator's auto.

Members of Senator Eagleton's staff heatedly denied any possibility of the senator being inebriated. "We are all grief-stricken at this tragic mishap," said one aide, "but we know that Senator Eagleton would be


By The Associated Press
Sen. Thomas F. Eagleton

gravely shocked by any implication that he had been drinking.

"His record is an open book on this subject," the staff member continued, "and *if* the senator was in excess of the posted speed limit I'm sure there was a very good reason for it."

The Carmelite sisters were driving from Baltimore for a special midnight service in Washington. They were identified by their Mother Superior as Sisters Helen, Beatrice, Te-

Continued on Page 14, Col. 3

HIGH COURT RULES AGAINST CALDWELL IN 6-3 DECISION

N.Y. Times Reporter Loses in Constitutional Test of Freedom of Press

By RICHARD V. TOLSON
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—In a landmark decision affecting the freedom-of-the-press guarantee of the Bill of Rights, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled today, by a 6 to 3 margin, that a reporter is not constitutionally protected from being forced to reveal his sources and the contents of his notes to a grand jury.

The court decision, which was instantly greeted with dismay throughout the journalistic field, concerned Earl Caldwell, a black New York Times reporter who had been subpoenaed to testify before a California grand jury that sought from him the identity of his contacts and other evidence relating to the Black Panthers.

The majority was composed of Chief Justice Arthur Goldberg, and Justices Salinger, Schlesinger, Morrissey, White and Grier.

'Kennedy Court'

The six justices are all part of what legal observers have begun calling the "Kennedy Court," a term that takes into account the string of recent decisions upholding governmental authority over individual rights, which the six justices, all appointed by John F. Kennedy or Robert F. Kennedy, have determined the outcome of.

Justices Douglas, Stewart and Brennan dissented.

In writing the Majority opinion, Chief Justice Goldberg


President Robert Kennedy answering a reporter's question during the course of a two-hour press conference in which he spoke on a number of topics. By The Associated Press

KENNEDY REVEALS KISSINGER'S PARIS VIET NEGOTIATIONS

First R.F.K. Press Conference Since the End of March; 'Cautiously Optimistic'

ECONOMY IS EMPHASIZED

President Refuses Again to Set Withdrawal Date Before P.O.W. Agreement

By JOHN H. MYERS
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—In his first scheduled televised news conference in more than six months, President Robert Kennedy disclosed that his adviser on national security affairs, former Harvard professor Henry Kissinger, has been meeting regularly with North Vietnamese officials in Paris and that, although there were "no substantial breakthroughs" to report, he was "cautiously optimistic" that the next few weeks would see "solid progress."

The full text of President Kennedy's news conference appears on Page 34.

Responding to wide-ranging questions on both foreign and domestic issues, the President clearly sought to convey the impression of a nation with a basically sound economy, a firm international position, and a strong commitment to end the war and turn to pressing needs at home.

Cites Economic Gains

On the subject of the economy, President Kennedy said third-quarter statistics showed that both unemployment and prices had shown their sharpest

M'Namara Gives Testimony On Arms Freeze Agreement

By VINCENT SAMUELS
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—Appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for the third time during its consideration of the Nuclear Arms Freeze Agreement signed by President Kennedy last spring in Moscow, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara again stressed the need for major new weapons expenditures "to provide for security throughout the seventies."

McNamara aroused considerable controversy in the course of testimony during a previous appearance by stating that there would be "no quantumly appreciable" reduction in defense spending as a result of the treaty and that he could not support it if funds were not authorized for the new weapons systems the Pentagon is seeking.

'Poker Chips'

McNamara's remarks before the committee today were mild-


By The Associated Press
Defense Secretary McNamara

submarine, a PT boat, a tank, or a close-support aircraft, de-

QUANGTRI CITADEL 'NEARLY CLEARED'

A Military Source Claims Foe Is 'Almost' Ousted from Provincial City

By The Associated Press

SAIGON, South Vietnam, Oct. 8—Operation Two-Hands-Above-the-Waist, the South Vietnamese Army counteroffensive now in its fifth month, has driven enemy forces back "over half a mile" from the positions they held at the height of the North Vietnamese invasion last March. According to Lt. General Do Quoc Dong, commander of South Vietnam's 83rd Division, the strategically vital hundred square yards of Quangtri's Sacred Inner Citadel is "nearly cleared."

Col. D. T. Harrison, who is in charge of the approximately 2,500 American advisers observing the South Vietnamese offensive, said that "few U.S. units could have done much better" in the Quangtri battle and that the South Vietnamese

House Committee Votes 9-6 To Cut Off Funds for War

By WALTER BENSON
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—In a sudden move that appeared to take the Kennedy Administration by surprise, a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats on the normally hawkish House Foreign Affairs Committee voted 9 to 6 to cut off spending for the war in Vietnam at midnight, December 31, if Hanoi releases all American prisoners of war.

The unexpected action adds a Republican-sponsored amendment calling for a halt to all

FORMER V.P. NIXON

sible one in view of the facts."

Attorney General Kennedy's statement went on to term the outcome of the unusually bitter and complicated legal test of First Amendment protections "a clear victory for those millions of Americans who believe that their Government should have a right to conduct its daily affairs secure from those who would wantonly sabotage its diplomatic activities or endanger its vital security or damage its standing abroad."

Full text of the Attorney General's statement will be found on Page 33.

Other reaction was less favorable. Former Governor William Scranton, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, called it "an unconscionable rejection of the people's right to know the truth, even if that truth is embarrassing to the Kennedys." His running mate, Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, termed the verdict "an outrage" and "the beginning of the end of our democratic system."

Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott and 32 other Senate Republicans issued a joint statement condemning the entire trial. The statement read in part: "What the Caesars did to the Roman republic the Kennedys are now doing to the American republic."

Elsewhere, the Americans for

Continued on Page 5, Column 1

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 8—Former Vice President Richard Nixon filed for bankruptcy today on behalf of Nixonburger, Inc., a chain of Southern California hamburger stands he operated with his brother Donald Nixon. Mr. Nixon, who served under President Dwight D. Eisenhower from 1952 to 1960, is acting as the firm's attorney in the proceedings.

The Nixonburger operation, which consisted of 13 roadside stands in the San Diego and Los Angeles areas, was founded by Donald Nixon in 1956 on a loan from the Hughes Tool Company. When this loan was brought to light in 1964 by opponents of Richard Nixon, who was then seeking the Republican Presidential nomination, it shattered all hopes Nixon had of continuing his political career.

Since that time, the former Vice President has pursued a private law practice in the Los Angeles area, representing, besides the family hamburger operation, such show-business clients as cowboy actor Ronald Reagan and Flipper the Dolphin.

Last year the Nixon brothers made headlines when Richard defended Donald in a lawsuit brought by Las Vegas casino proprietor Joseph Colombo over some gambling debts he had allegedly incurred. Colombo's attorney, Harold Carswell,

Continued on Page 53, Col. 7

tary Appropriations bill and paves the way for a vote on the measure by the full house, probably sometime next week.

In the past, the House has tended to follow the recommendations of the influential Foreign Affairs Committee, and has voted with it an overwhelming majority of the time. It is expected, however, that the Kennedy Administration will mount a concerted effort to defeat the amendment.

Senate Action Cited

Last month the Senate passed, 46 to 41, an almost identical measure in a move that President Kennedy condemned at the time as "giving to the enemy on the Senate floor what he couldn't get on the battlefield." The Senate passage was somewhat less of a surprise, for, since the repeal of the so-called "Tonkin Extension" of the Monroe Doctrine, the upper chamber has traditionally reflected antiwar sentiment.

Congressional doves were clearly elated by the committee vote. Representative Gerald Ford (R-Mich.), the House Minority Leader, commented, "It has always been up to the Republicans to take the nation out of the costly wars the Democrats get us into. That's what Eisenhower did in 1952, and that's what we're trying to do now."

The fund-halt amendment differs from past attempts by Congress to bring the war to a halt in that, by eliminating from the military budget all the money earmarked for the war, it rules out continuation of the conflict by the President under his authority as Commander in Chief to protect American troops or through any of the other executive devices that both John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy have used to ignore previous Senate resolutions.

Commenting on the House Committee's decision, Vice President George McGovern said, "This isn't the cooing of doves, but the swan song of the sirens of surrender." The White House had no official comment,

Continued on Page 5, Column 4

ment not to be hindered in the normal process of discovering evidence and procuring testimony as a key part of its duty to protect life and property."

In his dissent, Justice William O. Douglas referred to Goldberg's opinion, commenting, "I have reread the Constitution, and I find nowhere in it the prosecutionary right my brother justice has mentioned as belonging to the Government. I did, however, find a right assigned to the people covering the freedom of the press. Maybe I have an old copy."

Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of The New York Times, issued a statement on behalf of the newspaper terming the decision in the Caldwell case "a calculated, unwarranted and illegal erosion of one of the most fundamental constitution-

Continued on Page 3, Column 4

ly had not changed. As in the past, he based the Pentagon's case on the need for "poker chips" in future "negotiation cycles" with the Soviet Union and insisted that extensive "efficiency analyses" had shown that the U.S. had a "maximum worst-possible-world discrete on-target post-first-strike recovery potential warhead impact factor" of less than half that of the Russians.

The Pentagon is asking for almost $20 billion in new spending over the next three years, most of it for a third nuclear aircraft carrier to join the Stevenson and the Truman, which are already under construction; a new fleet of Vigor-class missile-launching submarines; the B-100 bomber; and the all-purpose Combat Vehicle, a refinement of the TFX fighter concept, which calls for a basic weapon that can operate as a

There were several acrimonious exchanges between Secretary McNamara and members of the committee, particularly Senator John Sherman Cooper (R-Ky.), who at one point observed that he could not dispute the Secretary's contention that the trouble-plagued F-111 was "the best plane in the world in its class," because it was "clearly in a class by itself," since "no other plane ever did so little, cost so much, or crashed so often."

Secretary McNamara also urged completion of the second ABM site permitted by the Arms Freeze Treaty, which, under the terms of the agreement, must be constructed east of the Mississippi, and which the Kennedy Administration plans to locate in southern Massachusetts, probably in the vicinity of

Continued on Page 12, Col. 2

that he felt they would have almost captured the citadel even without the more than 3,000 American air strikes on the 19th-century fortification.

President Kennedy called



By The Associated Press

Quangtri Province

General Dong personally yesterday to congratulate him on his partial victory. Calling Quangtri "a new frontier of freedom in Asia," the President expressed hope that this latest qualified success would prove "beyond the shadow of a doubt" the viability of Vietnamization.

"I want to make one thing perfectly clear," he said. "Our South Vietnamese ally is a nation of people who don't merely ask what their country can do for them but are willing to ask

Continued on Page 14, Col. 4

credited the improvement to the energetic policy of wage-and-price controls, which Treasury Secretary John Connally had implemented.

Asked if he was prepared to set a date for the final withdrawal of all American forces, the President said that to do so would be to give the North Vietnamese "all our signals before we run the play," a sentiment he has consistently voiced in the past.

Throughout the news conference, President Kennedy spoke in a slightly hoarse voice that was the last vestige of a bout of summer flu he spent the last weekend at the summer White House in Hyannis Port recovering from.

The hoarseness prompted him to comment, "I almost asked Vaughn Meader to come instead; he sounds more like me than I do tonight," a reference to the multimillionaire performer whose imitations of the various members of the Kennedy family have appeared on 16 best-selling albums.

In answer to a reporter's question early in the conference, Kennedy repeated denials that anyone on his staff was involved in the questionable activities of the Apollo 18 astronauts, who reportedly took 500 PT-109 tie clips to the moon

Continued on Page 6, Column 7

John F. Kennedy Attends Library Rites



By The Associated Press

Former President John F. Kennedy speaking to construction workers before the groundbreaking ceremonies for the Kennedy Presidential Library at Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass.

By SARAH VERNON

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 8—Ex-President John Kennedy today laid the cornerstone for Harvard's JFK Library, a monumental edifice that, when finished, will house the most complete documentation of a President's term in office ever assembled.

Richard Newtra's design for the Kennedy Library, consisting of an exterior facade formed by seven enormous glass brick-faced slabs resting together tepee-style over an imitation-stained-glass geodosic dome, has been criticized by some as "too sophisticated," "inappropriate for the site" or "campy."

But response from architectural connoisseurs the world over has been ecstatic. Such diverse figures as Buckminster Fuller and Yevgeny Yevtushenko have praised the planned structure, calling it "an adventure of the spirit" and "full of the élan of youth."

The cornerstone ceremony marked Kennedy's first public appearance since his divorce from Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy five months ago. The former Mrs. Kennedy is now married to a Greek ship-owner, Aristotle Onassis.

John Kennedy, smiling and tanned, had no comment for the press on the subject of his seclusion.

J.F.K. was accompanied by his daughter, Caroline, and son, John, Jr. The recent court decision awarding custody of the Kennedy children to their father has set off persistent rumors of a heated custody battle—despite repeated statements from both Jack and Jackie that the divorce was amicable and a result of the "stress and wear of

Continued on Page 26, Col. 3

President Calls Red Sox Mgr. Suggests World Series Tactics

BOSTON, Oct. 8—Red Sox Manager Eddie Kasco announced today that Marty Patton will start the opening game of the World Series for the Red Sox in Shea Stadium on October 14. The talented rookie right-hander, with a 12-28 season record, has wielded a powerful slider pitch all season long, and his selection for the opener slot was applauded by President Robert Kennedy in a personal phone-call to Kasco last night.

"The President said he was proud to see a Boston team winning the A.L. pennant for the first time in eight years," said Kasco to reporters, "and yes, he did suggest a few tactics. For instance, he said if we moved Yastrzemski in to third base he'd be able to guard against those line drives from Jones and Agee. But," continued Kasco, "I don't know how good Yaz would be on the peg to first." (Left-fielder Carl Yastrzemski is left-handed.)

Kennedy also placed a brief call to Patton, who reported that the President told him to watch out particularly for Ron Swoboda, the Met outfielder who has been batting a solid .370 season average. "He kept telling me to hit him with my knuckle ball," revealed Patton. "But if I ever pitched a knuckle ball in my life, it probably went over the backstop."

Football fans will remember Kennedy's advice to Dallas quarterback Craig Morton during the Super Bowl last winter, when Dallas lost to the Oakland Raiders 24 to 14. When Morton ran the down-and-out

Continued on Page 37, Col. 6

NEWS INDEX

Joan Kennedy Calls Jack Anderson Over I.T.&T. 'Topless' Allegations

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—Joan Kennedy, the outspoken wife of Attorney General Edward Kennedy, called columnist Jack Anderson last night on her private phone and told him, "Creeps like you should be put somewhere where you can't hurt decent people."

Anderson said she was evidently referring to his block-buster exposé last week in which he charged that International Telephone & Telegraph last spring had donated $500,000 to the Democratic Party in return for the suspension of a Justice Department antitrust investigation into I.T. & T.'s holdings.

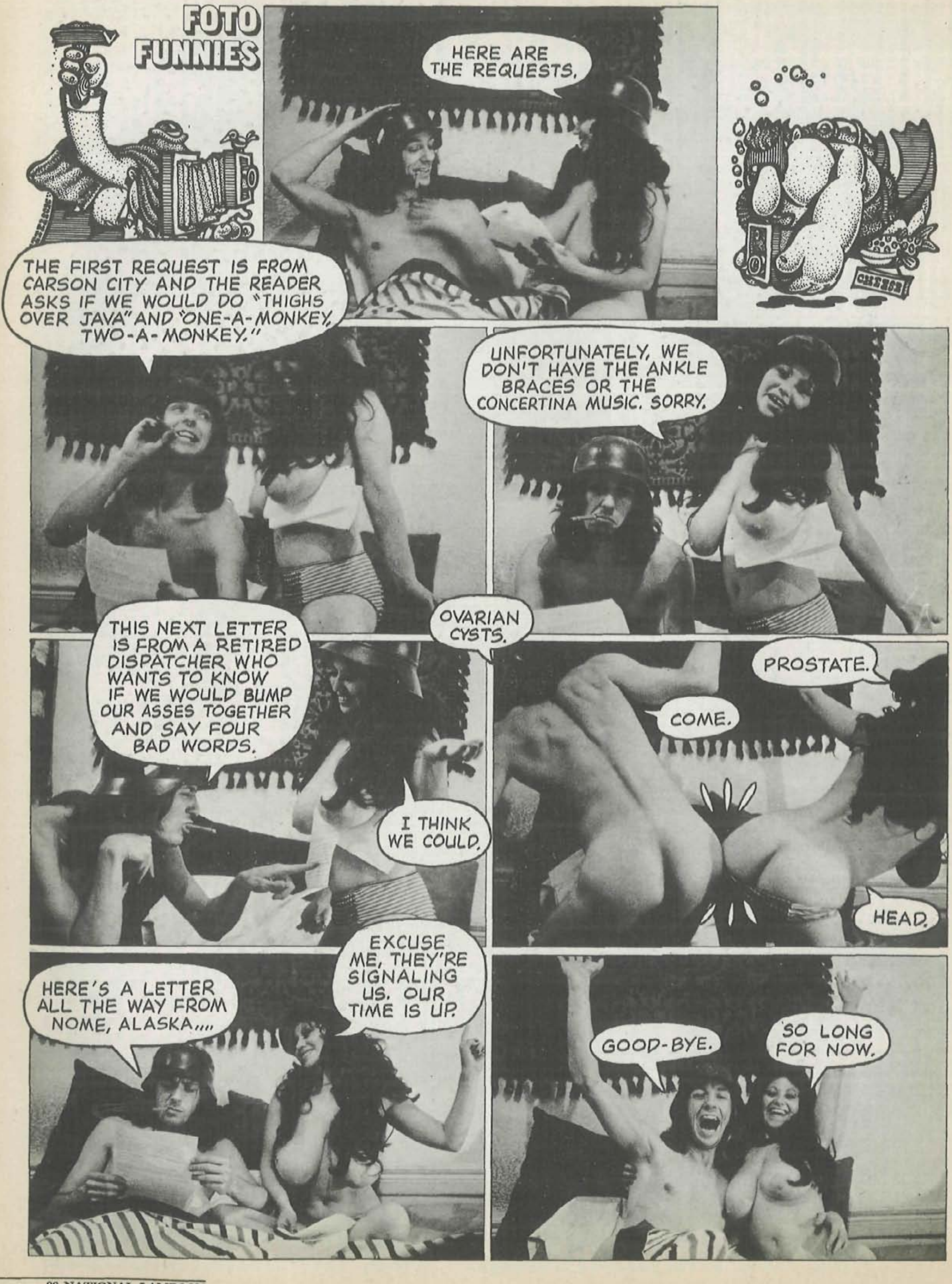
"Actually, she didn't seem as concerned with the bribe itself," smiled Anderson later at a special press conference in his office, "as she was with the reports of that Hyannis Port orgy where Dita Beard set up the deal with Teddy."

Anderson's description of the party, held April 14 at the Massachusetts summer home of I.T.&T.'s president, Harold Geneen, spoke of "topless waitresses, stag movies, much liquor and a live performance involving a naked blonde wearing a scuba tank and a male dolphin."

Although the Attorney General's wife was reportedly absent from the alleged orgy, Anderson and several other reporters have definitely placed Kennedy at the Geneen soiree, taking an enthusiastic role.

Anderson claims to have taped Mrs. Kennedy's call, which lasted nearly a half hour, but refused to play it for the press conference. "She was obviously under the influence of barbiturates," explained the nationally syndicated muckraker, "and some of the things she said could be quite injurious to a lot of people around her. She was raving, and I'll have to substan-

Continued on Page 22, Col. 4


FOTO FUNNIES
HERE ARE THE REQUESTS.
CHEESE
THE FIRST REQUEST IS FROM CARSON CITY AND THE READER ASKS IF WE WOULD DO "THIGHS OVER JAVA" AND "ONE-A-MONKEY, TWO-A-MONKEY."
UNFORTUNATELY, WE DON'T HAVE THE ANKLE BRACES OR THE CONCERTINA MUSIC. SORRY.
THIS NEXT LETTER IS FROM A RETIRED DISPATCHER WHO WANTS TO KNOW IF WE WOULD BUMP OUR ASSES TOGETHER AND SAY FOUR BAD WORDS.
I THINK WE COULD.
OVARIAN CYSTS.
PROSTATE.
COME.
HEAD.
HERE'S A LETTER ALL THE WAY FROM NOME, ALASKA.....
EXCUSE ME, THEY'RE SIGNALING US. OUR TIME IS UP.
GOOD-BYE.
SO LONG FOR NOW.

OD

The Game of Drug Abuse ©

by Michael O'Donoghue and Anne Beatts

The object of the game is to remain on the board after all the other players have OD'd. Any number of people can play.

The game is complete in these pages and may be easily assembled with scissors, paste, and stiff cardboard. Any suitable objects, such as buttons, coins, slugs, tokens, pushpins, or small, round pebbles, may be used as markers.

The four corners of the board symbolize the four elements: Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. The mandala in the center of the board symbolizes the Inner Self.

There are one hundred cards representing the drugs and other foreign substances it is possible to introduce into the body.[1]

Each drug card has been assigned a value based on the effect of the drug and indicating a certain number of moves in a given direction or directions.

Up (U) or Down (D) indicates a vertical move. The values Earth (E), Air (A), Fire (F), and Water (W) indicate a diagonal move toward the appropriate corner of the board. "C" indicates a move toward the center, and "O" a move out toward the edge of the board.

Heroin, for example, moves the player toward Water, while STP moves the player toward Fire, LSD toward Air, and peyote toward Earth. Marijuana and its derivatives move the player closer to the center. Burns, such as oregano or milk sugar, move him further out toward the edge.

Drug values are based on the principle that it is always advantageous to move closer to the center. For instance, inferior LSD moves the player further out than high-quality acid does. It is permissible to alter the values of the drug cards to conform to the personal reactions of individual players.

At the start of the game, markers should be placed on the center mandala. Drug cards may be loosely arranged, facedown, in some convenient location. This becomes known as the Community Stash.

Play proceeds clockwise around the board. Each player draws three drug cards from the stash pile. When each player is holding, dealing may begin. Dealing lasts for a period of one minute. During this time any player may exchange one or more cards with any other player, provided that each player ends up with three drug cards. Deals must be concluded on the basis of verbal agreement. No cards may be shown. A player may refuse a deal, but if he accepts, he must take whatever the other player gives him. It is not necessary to tell the truth when dealing.

Each player then moves his marker according to the directions on his drug cards. Drug cards may be taken in any order, but all cards must be used. Once used, drug cards are returned facedown to the Community Stash.

If, at the end of his turn, one player lands on a space occupied by another player, at the next dealing session the player occupying the space may deal only with the player who has landed on it. The player landing on the space, however, may deal with any of the other players.

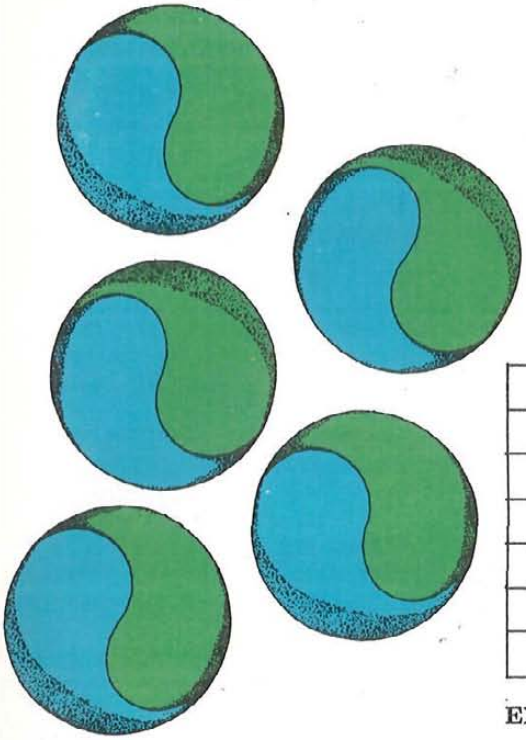
If, at the end of a turn, a player lands on the mandala, he receives a small mandala token. This token enables him to miss one turn at any future point in the game. After dealing he may return his cards to the Community Stash and wait one turn before picking three new cards.

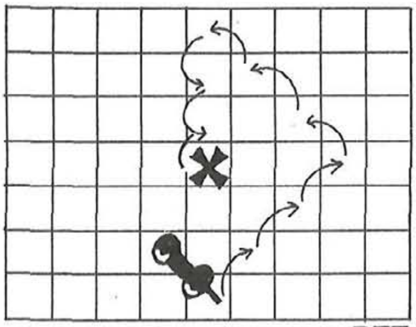
After each turn the Community Stash should be shuffled.

Once a player moves off the edge of the board, he has OD'd and is out of the game for good.

Caution: OD is still in an experimental phase of its development. Current statistics and research are not completely reliable. Cards or combinations of cards may have unpredictable effects. All players have been known to OD after only a few turns. On the other hand, it is entirely probable that any given game may last for hours without a single OD. Such is the nature of the Drug Experience.

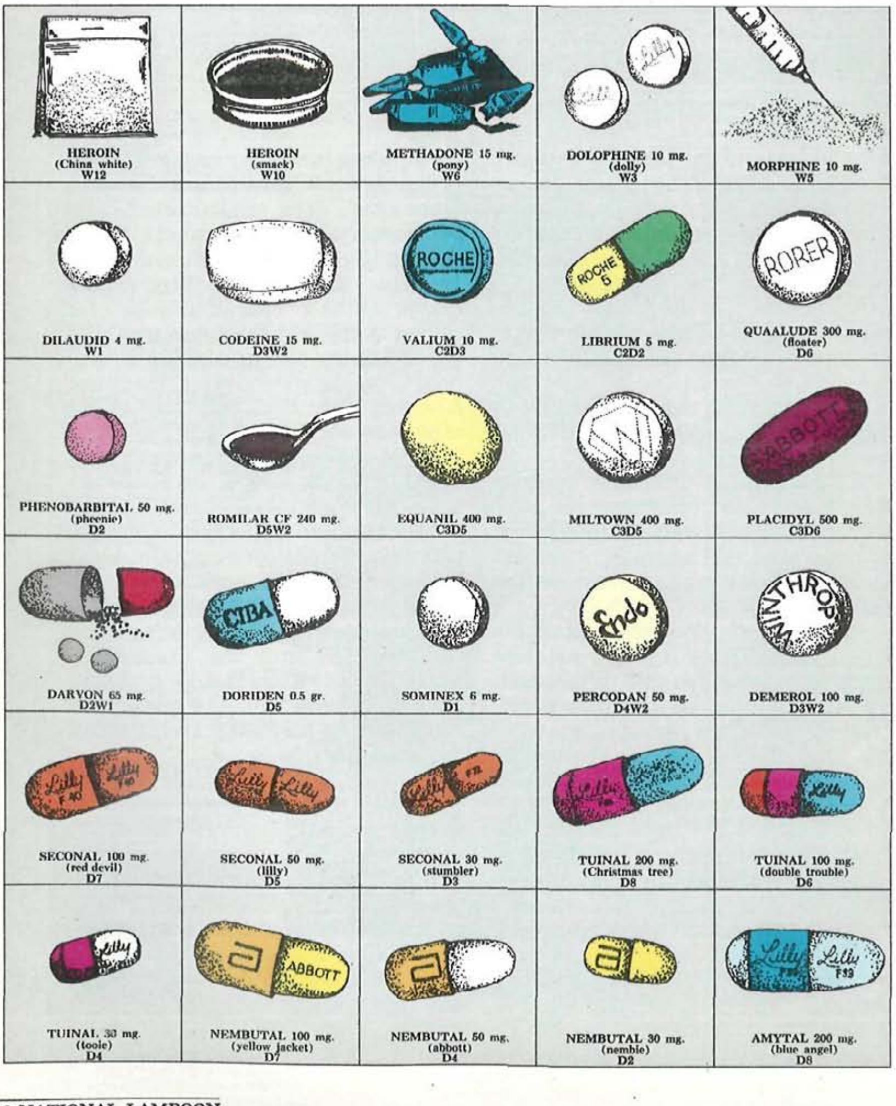
[1]It is not advisable to play with real drugs.

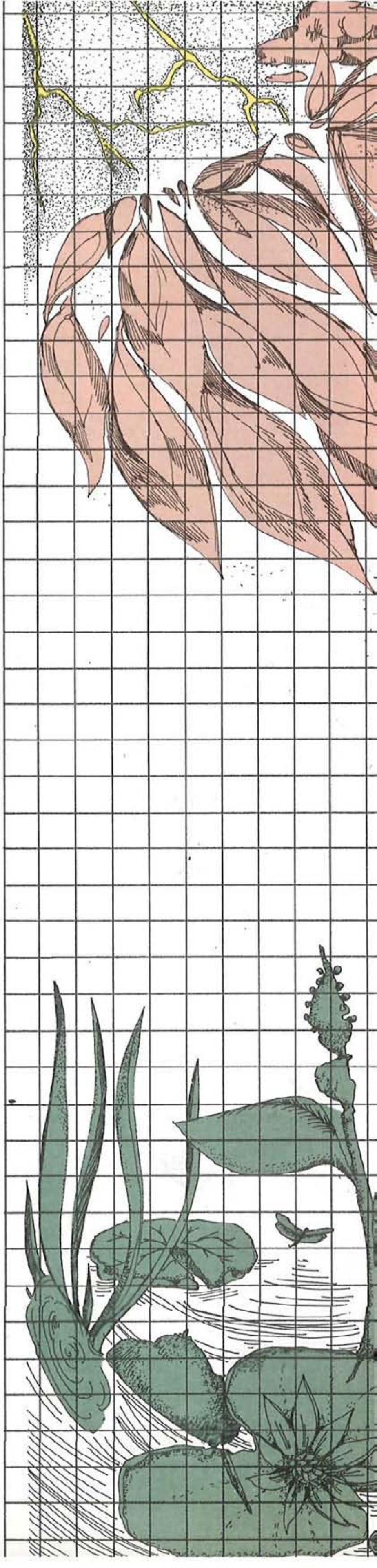


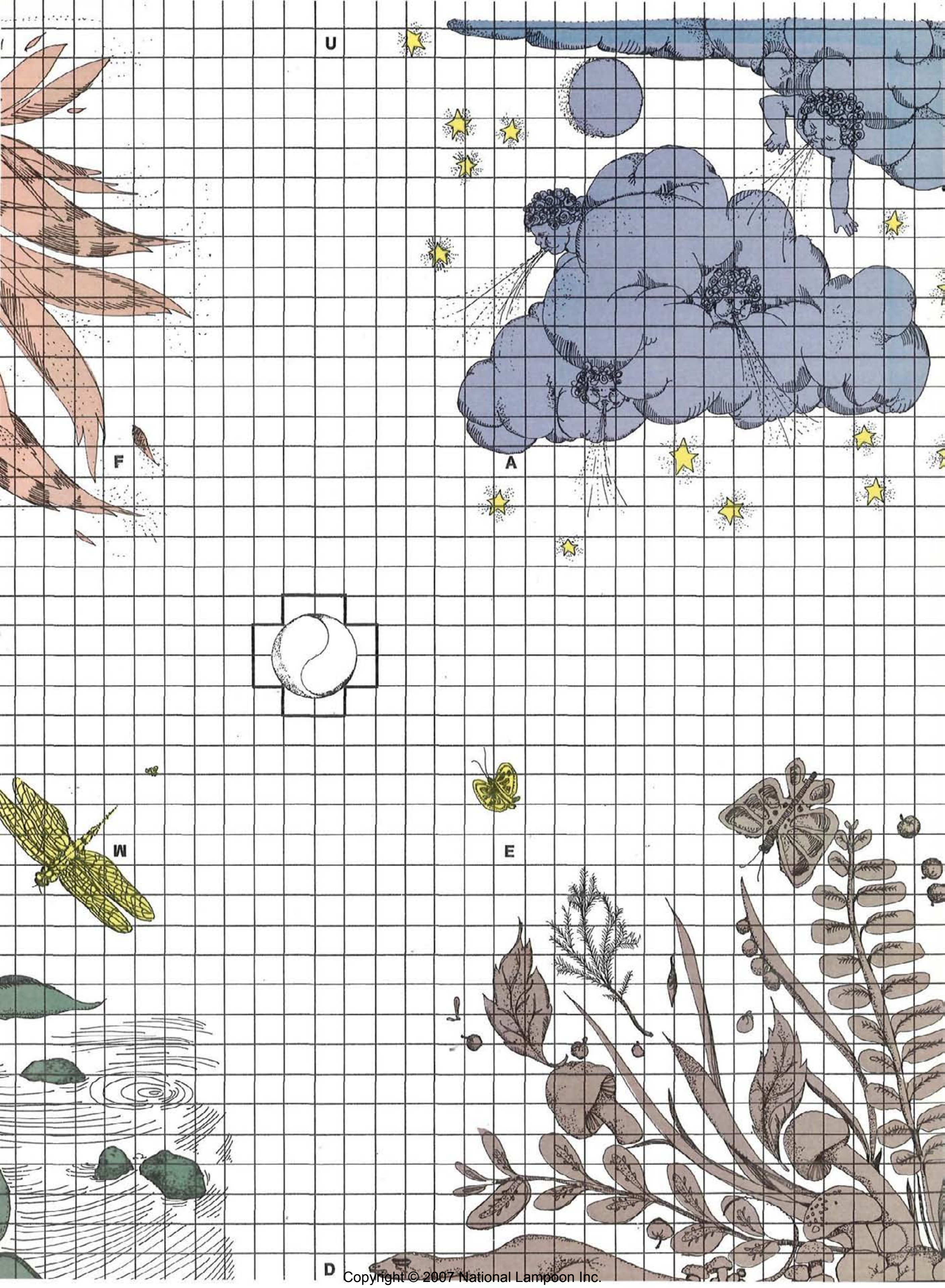


EXAMPLE

DET
A3F3D3







U
F
A
M
E
D



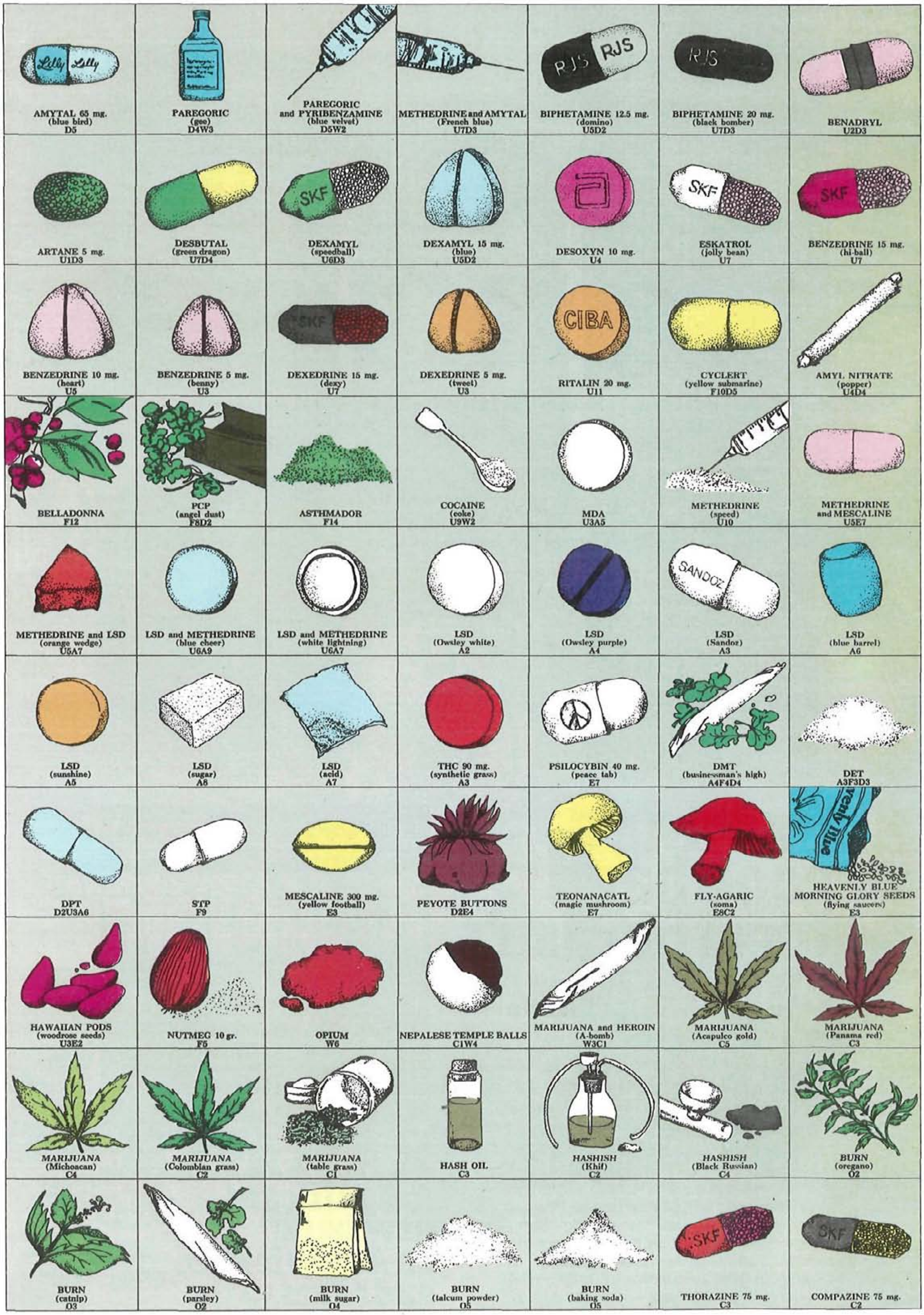
Now the guys who say things with their songs are saying things with their socks.

With Interwoven/Esquire Socks. Because they can be as far in or as far out as you are. In so many fantastic colors, styles and patterns, you can say just about anything you feel like saying.

Interwoven/Esquire Socks. A beautiful way for your feet to say something about your head.

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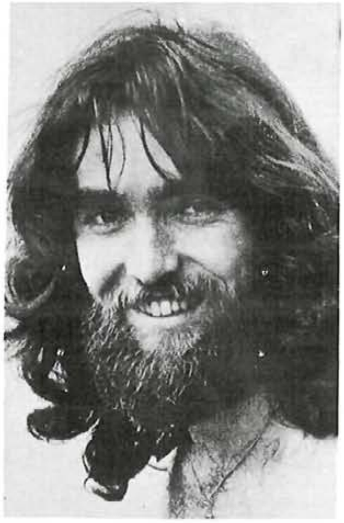
KR
Another fine product of Kayser-Roth



Illustrations by Mari Kaestle



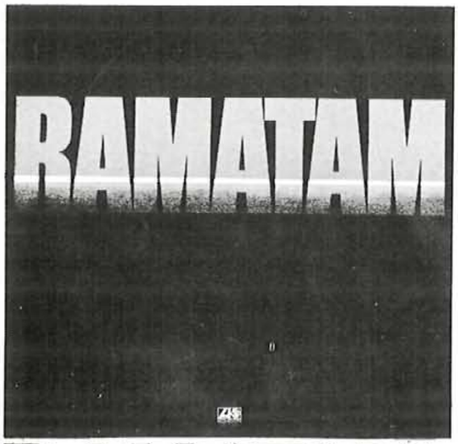




Putting a good band together isn't child's play.

Putting a good band together is a lot of very hard work. First it takes years to learn your instrument. Then a lot of dues must be paid along the way trying to get together with the right combination of people to produce "your" sound.

Ramatam's people have been around long enough to know what they want. Mitch Mitchell was with the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Mike Pinera was with Blues Image and Iron Butterfly. Tommy Sullivan was with Brooklyn Bridge, Russ Smith gained his expertise with a rock group in Miami. April Lawton's guitar playing has been likened to some of the all-time rock greats. They wanted to be in a band together.



RAMATAM.
A significant new band on Atlantic Records and tapes.

ATLANTIC

Use the Power 18 VOTE


THE VENTURES OF
ZIMMERMAN
INTERNATIONAL JEWISH COMICS
IJC
FOR YOU
$1.95
APPROVED BY THE ELDERS OF ZION
SEMITIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION
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GIFT OF MR. ROBT. ZIMMERMAN NEW YORK CITY USA
SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S ISSUE
ZIMMERMAN'S GREATEST HITS!
FEATURING...
GROSS MAN
TAMBOURINE MAN
WEBER MAN
STORY BY: TONY HENDRA AND SEAN KELLY
DRAWN BY: NEAL ADAMS
ANDRU + Esposito

To Honor A Decade of Dissent

The Counterculture Mint announces an important series of hand-struck medals in costly sterling silver or priceless 14-karat gold. Individually numbered, hallmarked, and authenticated. Full bas-relief, mirrored border, rolled edge. Handcrafted presentation case. Destined to increase in value. Available at prestige head shops.



THE 1968 CHICAGO CONVENTION MEDAL



ALTAMONT



KENT STATE



RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

Available soon: *Changes,* the story of our times told in commemorative medals. Each medal will honor an important symbolic figure of the *recent* past, and will be emblazoned with an appropriate motto. The first medal, representing the close of the fifties, will be a specially struck *Junior Achievement* medal. The final medal, representing the dawn of the seventies, will honor the *Junior Executive.* Other medals will picture *Martin Luther King* ("Change Through Nonviolent Protest"); *Peter, Paul and Mary* ("Change Through Singing Songs"); *Ken Kesey* ("Change Your Head, Change the World"); the *Weathermen* ("Change Through Armed Love"); and the *Street Hustler* ("Spare Change?"). "The Story of the Coins, The Moving Autobiography of a Youth of Our Times" appears, paragraph by moving paragraph on the reverse side of each coin.

Story of the Coins

I was pretty straight in high school, I guess. I went to church camp. I won the Junior Achievement award. My folks were very proud.

In 1964 I saw Martin Luther King's March on Washington on television. That really put me through some changes. I got interested in civil rights in my spare time.

I date my real involvement with the counterculture from the night I saw Ken Kesey on "Meet the Press." It was really far-out. I saw that I was <u>one</u> with the cosmos. My folks wanted to switch the channel. I saw we were on different sides.

It's hard to believe, but until 1968 I believed that change was possible through existing channels. But when I saw the network coverage of the '68 convention I began to understand where the Weathermen were at. I began to wear jeans again. I stayed mad. My Mom and Dad couldn't even talk to me. I came very close to leaving home.

Then one day on "Lamp Unto My Feet" I saw a special on the Jesus Freaks. I acknowledged Jesus Christ as my personal savior. I went to church camp. My folks were so proud.

Now I've finished graduate school, and I've been lucky enough to receive a junior-executive position with the Incremental Insurance Group. I've paid my dues, and I'm happy to say that my dues are paying off for me. □

by Cindy Laverty



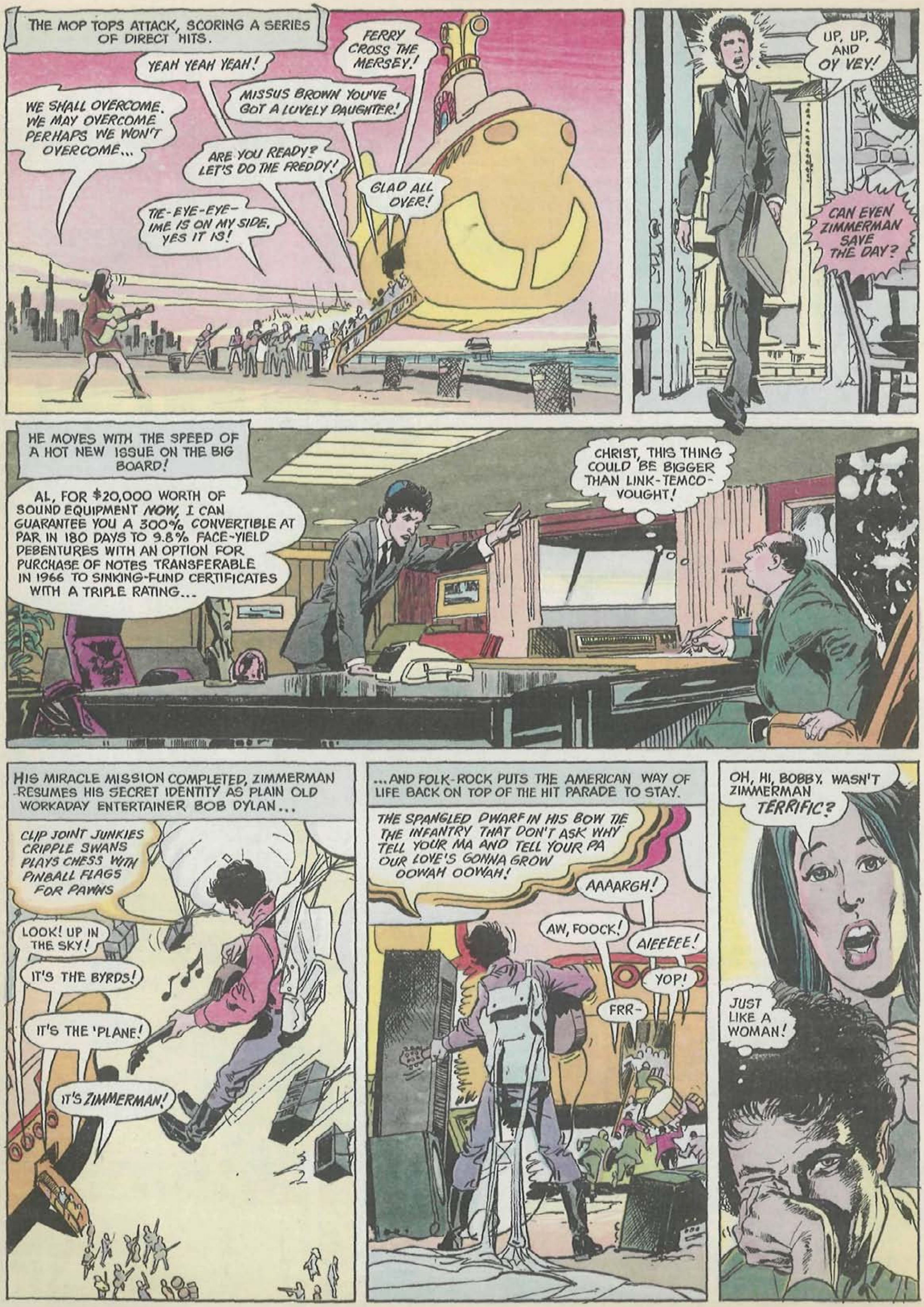
1946—RAVAGED BY WAR, THE FABLED CITY OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA, FACES ECONOMIC EXTINCTION.
WUXTRA WUXTRA
'SA DAM SHAME. THAT'S ALL I KIN SAY.
The Duluth Clarion Herald Mirror
SALES OF TOASTERS OFF IN POST WAR SLUMP
FEARING FOR HIS VERY GROSS PROFIT BEFORE TAXES, THE BRILLIANT ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR ABE ZIMMERMAN VOWS TO FLEE THE DOOMED CITY. HE AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, BEA, CHOOSE AS THEIR HAVEN FAR-OFF HIBBING, MINNESOTA, MORE THAN FORTY MILES TO THE NORTH-WEST. THINKING ONLY OF THEIR INFANT SON, ROBERT, THEN SEND HIM ON AHEAD...
THIRD CLASS MAIL
GENIUS HANDLE WITH CARE
THE SIZE OF THIS KID, IT'S CHEAPER THAN CARFARE.
...NOT FOLLOWING THEMSELVES UNTIL THE LAST TOASTER HAS BEEN SOLD.
HIBBING EXPRE
THE ORIGINS OF ZIMMERMAN
SAFE IN HIBBING, THE ZIMMERMAN FAMILY PROSPERS. AND IT IS HERE THAT, AS THE YEARS PASS, YOUNG BOBBY BEGINS TO DISCOVER THE INCREDIBLE HIDDEN POWERS THAT DESTINE HIM TO BE A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME!
OKAY, A DOLLAR NINETY-FIVE FOR THE BAT. LEMME GET BACK TO YAH ABOUT THE BALL.
WIZE GUYZ
POST NO BILL
THE CAPITAL OF MINNESOTA IS $273 BILLION!
ZIM
HAPPY BOITHDAY TO YOU...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOMMA
LISTEN—I GET PAID TO SING....
CERTAIN THAT HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS MUST REMAIN A SECRET KNOWN TO HIM ALONE, YOUNG ZIMMERMAN SEARCHES FOR A ROLE TO MASK HIS TRUE IDENTITY.
Sigma Alpha Mo
HOW TO SELL MUTUAL FUNDS
YOUR FORD DEALERSHIP AND YOU!
DENTISTRY YOUR KEY TO A BETTER LIFE
C.P.A. ADVANCED STUDIES
WHAT IS A REALTOR
JAMA
TUTTI FRUTTI ALL ROOTIE
TWO CHORDS AND A FUNNY HAIRCUT, AND THAT SHVARTZEH MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!
$



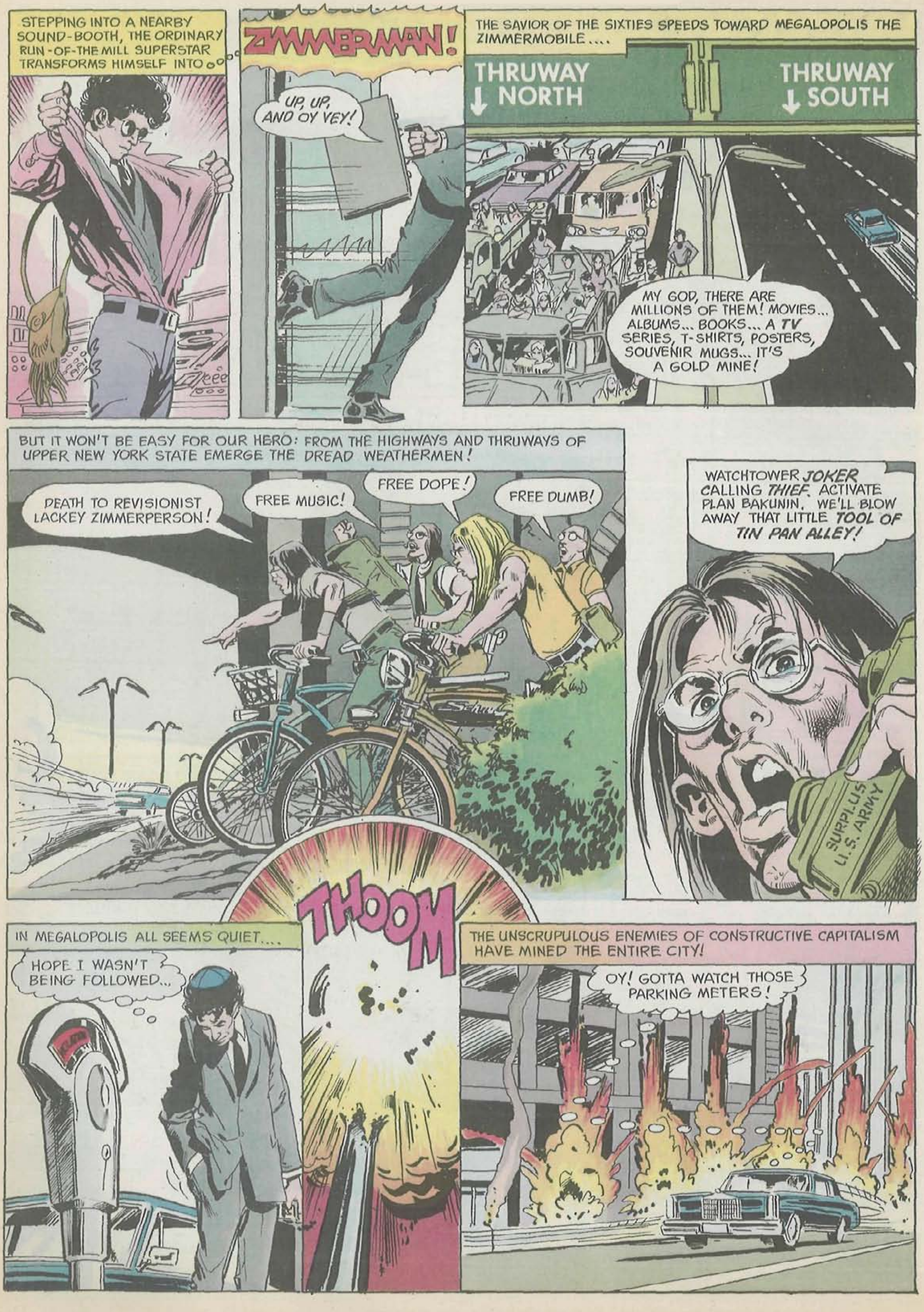
THE CRAZED BLACKAMOOR PUTS YOUNG ZIMMERMAN ON THE RIGHT TRACK. HE REALIZES THAT NO ROLE COULD BETTER SERVE HIS PURPOSES THAN THE UNORTHODOX SENSITIVE LIFE OF A SINGER. HE DEVELOPS SKILLS...
...AND ACQUIRES MATERIALS.
THESE TUNES I AM A CHANGIN'.
WOODY GUTHRIE · FOLKSINGER...
THE COMPLETE WOODY GUTHRIE..
HE FINDS A NEW NAME...
BOBBY SHAKESPEARE? BOBBY LOVELACE? BOBBY YEATS? BOBBY...
LOOKIN' FOR SOME POMES BY SOME GUY NAMES DIAL-ANN THOMAS.
THAT'S PRONOUNCED DYLAN.
DING
...AND EVEN CHANGES HIS APPEARANCE.
DON'T LOOK BACK!
AND IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS THE GOY FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY, HE SAYS A RESTLESS FAREWELL TO HIS FOND PARENTS...
YOU'RE NO GOOD!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY, NU?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MA...
'N' THIS HERE'S A BLUES LEADBELLY LEARNED ME.
NO PARKING EVER BETWEEN THE YEARS 1900-2000
WASTE
...AND MAKES FOR NEW YORK ON HIS SACRED MISSION TO SCREW THE WORLD AND MAKE A BUNDLE. NOW HIS SECRET IS SAFE. NONE SUSPECT THAT IDEALISTIC COMMITTED LITTLE FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN IS IN FACT THE AMAZING ZIMMERMAN— FASTER THAN A PROXY BALLOT, MORE POWERFUL THAN AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE, AND ABLE TO BUY TALL BUILDINGS WITH A SINGLE BOND!



AMERICA'S YOUTH IS GATHERED, AS USUAL, FOR AN EVENING OF FOLK MUSIC. AND AMONG THE ANGRY, DEDICATED, AND HIGHLY PAID PERFORMERS IS A YOUNG MAN KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIENDS AND FANS AS BOB DYLAN.
I BIN THINKIN' 'N' WORRYIN' 'N' WRITIN' 'BOUT ALL OF THE BADNESS PREJUDICE 'N' FIGHTIN' 'N' MADE ME AN ALBUM 'N' WROTE "BROADSIDE" A LETTER HOW THE WORLD WOULD BE NICER IF PEOPLE WERE BETTER 'N' IT'S HARD 'N' IT'S A HAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD...
HE'S SO RIGHT. ALL NEGROES SHOULD BE EQUAL.
ALL NEGROES SHOULD BE BLACKS!
Men
STALIN WASN'T A REAL COMMUNIST. I WAS A REAL COMMUNIST!
THIS IS SO MUCH MORE ETHNIC THAN, LIKE, THE KINGSTON TRIO!
FOR, IN HIS SECRET IDENTITY, ZIMMERMAN PERFORMS CONTINUALLY, ON STAGE AND OFF, DETERMINED THAT WE WILL KNOW HIS SONGS WELL BEFORE HE STOPS SINGING....
'N' IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAAARD!...
ZIMMERMAN in "THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"
SHE LUVS YOU YEAH YEAH YEAH.
THEY'VE LANDED! THEY'RE HERE! THE FABULOUS MOP TOPS!
POP!
MOD
FELLOW PACIFISTS, THIS MEANS WAR!
MINI
TRENDY
GEAR
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO MY REIGN?
FAB
PUT ON
MEN
IT'S A HAAARD 'N' IT'S A HAAARD....
SHRRRREEEEEKKKK
SUDDENLY, ZIMMERMAN'S CAREER, NOT TO MENTION THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, IS THREATENED BY AN INVASION OF SCREAMING FOREIGNERS.
THE FOLK-SONG ARMY PREPARES FOR A BRAVE BUT HOPELESS ACOUSTIC COUNTERATTACK ON THE AMPLIFIED POWER OF THE LONG-HAIRED INVADERS...
YOU THREE TAKE THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. JOANIE AND I WILL HOLD THE LEFT WING. BY THE WAY, JOANIE, WHERE IN FOLK IS YOUR BOYFRIEND BOBBY?
WHO NEEDS THAT LITTLE CREEP? BUT IF ONLY ZIMMERMAN WERE HERE!
SEEGER
...TEMPTED ONLY FOR A MOMENT TO SURRENDER AND SELL OUT.
HMMM. I WONDER HOW "SILVER DAGGER" 'D SOUND THROUGH A MARSHALL AMP?
THROUGH WALLS, HIS RELATIVELY SENSITIVE EARS MAKE THE PLUTOCRAT OF POP AWARE OF THE IMPENDING CATASTROPHE....
THIS COULD BE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!


THE MOP TOPS ATTACK, SCORING A SERIES OF DIRECT HITS.
YEAH YEAH YEAH!
FERRY CROSS THE MERSEY!
WE SHALL OVERCOME. WE MAY OVERCOME PERHAPS WE WON'T OVERCOME...
MISSUS BROWN YOU'VE GOT A LUVELY DAUGHTER!
ARE YOU READY? LET'S DO THE FREDDY!
GLAD ALL OVER!
TIE-EYE-EYE-IME IS ON MY SIDE, YES IT IS!
UP, UP, AND OY VEY!
CAN EVEN ZIMMERMAN SAVE THE DAY?
HE MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A HOT NEW ISSUE ON THE BIG BOARD!
AL, FOR $20,000 WORTH OF SOUND EQUIPMENT NOW, I CAN GUARANTEE YOU A 300% CONVERTIBLE AT PAR IN 180 DAYS TO 9.8% FACE-YIELD DEBENTURES WITH AN OPTION FOR PURCHASE OF NOTES TRANSFERABLE IN 1966 TO SINKING-FUND CERTIFICATES WITH A TRIPLE RATING...
CHRIST, THIS THING COULD BE BIGGER THAN LINK-TEMCO-VOUGHT!
HIS MIRACLE MISSION COMPLETED, ZIMMERMAN RESUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS PLAIN OLD WORKADAY ENTERTAINER BOB DYLAN...
CLIP JOINT JUNKIES CRIPPLE SWANS PLAYS CHESS WITH PINBALL FLAGS FOR PAWNS
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S THE BYRDS!
IT'S THE 'PLANE!
IT'S ZIMMERMAN!
...AND FOLK-ROCK PUTS THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE BACK ON TOP OF THE HIT PARADE TO STAY.
THE SPANGLED DWARF IN HIS BOW TIE THE INFANTRY THAT DON'T ASK WHY TELL YOUR MA AND TELL YOUR PA OUR LOVE'S GONNA GROW OOWAH OOWAH!
AAAARGH!
AW, FOOCK!
AIEEEEE!
YOP!
FRR-
OH, HI, BOBBY. WASN'T ZIMMERMAN TERRIFIC?
JUST LIKE A WOMAN!


ZIMMERMAN in WOODSTOCK
HIGH IN THE ROLLING HILLS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS GATHER TO PARTICIPATE IN YET ANOTHER CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....
MEANWHILE, IN A BIG PINK HOUSE NOT FAR AWAY, LIFE FOLLOWS THE SAME OLD HUMDRUM PATTERN FOR SUPERSTARS BOBBY DYLAN AND HIS LOVELY SIDEKICK QUEEN JOAN (APPROXIMATELY) BAEZ....
BOY AM I TIRED OF THIS JERK! IF ONLY I COULD MEET A REAL MENSCH LIKE ZIMMERMAN!
YAY, LADY, YAAAY!
HEY, YOU GUYS, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES.
MUSTN'T BE LATE– THEY'RE ALL MY CHILDREN AND I'M THEIR POET!
SEE YOU LATER, JOANIE.
HOW ABOUT A QUICK ONE, COUNTRY PIE?
AW, C'MON, BOB, WE'VE ALREADY GOT FOUR....
MEANWHILE, AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES, ALL IS NOT WELL....
FROM NOW ON THIS IS A FREE CONCERT!
FREE!
FAR-OUT!
SHITTY ACID!
WHAT ABOUT FREE HUEY?
BACKSTAGE THERE IS CONSTERNATION....
FREE CONCERT?
I'M RUINED?
HOW CAN I AFFORD NOT TO PAY MY TAXES?
RUINED? I'M WRECKED!
HMM. THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR ZIMMERMAN!


STEPPING INTO A NEARBY SOUND-BOOTH, THE ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE MILL SUPERSTAR TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO...
ZIMMERMAN!
UP, UP, AND OY VEY!
THE SAVIOR OF THE SIXTIES SPEEDS TOWARD MEGALOPOLIS THE ZIMMERMOBILE....
THRUWAY NORTH
THRUWAY SOUTH
MY GOD, THERE ARE MILLIONS OF THEM! MOVIES... ALBUMS... BOOKS... A TV SERIES, T-SHIRTS, POSTERS, SOUVENIR MUGS... IT'S A GOLD MINE!
BUT IT WON'T BE EASY FOR OUR HERO: FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND THRUWAYS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE EMERGE THE DREAD WEATHERMEN!
DEATH TO REVISIONIST LACKEY ZIMMERPERSON!
FREE MUSIC!
FREE DOPE!
FREE DUMB!
WATCHTOWER JOKER CALLING THIEF. ACTIVATE PLAN BAKUNIN. WE'LL BLOW AWAY THAT LITTLE TOOL OF TIN PAN ALLEY!
SURPLUS U.S. ARMY
THOOM
IN MEGALOPOLIS ALL SEEMS QUIET....
HOPE I WASN'T BEING FOLLOWED...
THE UNSCRUPULOUS ENEMIES OF CONSTRUCTIVE CAPITALISM HAVE MINED THE ENTIRE CITY!
OY! GOTTA WATCH THOSE PARKING METERS!


BRAVELY DOUBLE-PARKING THE ZIMMER-MOBILE, ZIMMERMAN DECIDES TO GO IT ON FOOT. BUT THE WEATHERMEN ARE EVERYWHERE....
RED HOTS
35¢
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE...
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES...
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
WHERE'S DYLAN?
REALIZING THAT HIS SECRET IDENTITY IS THREATENED, ZIMMERMAN MAKES A DARING AND UNCHARACTERISTIC MOVE.
TAXI!
COLUMBIA
BUT HIS FIRST BRAVE EFFORT IS FOILED BY DUPES OF THE INSIDIOUS WEATHERMEN....
SURE WE COULD CO-OPT IT AND MAKE A FORTUNE – BUT JUST THIS ONCE, ZIMMERMAN, LET'S LET THE KIDS HAVE IT ALL TO THEMSELVES....
LISTEN, BUSINESSMAN, THAT'S MY WINE YOU'RE DRINKING!
MOMENTS LATER HE ARRIVES AT THE FABLED WARNER BROTHERS SEVEN ARTS BUILDING, ONLY TO FIND IT SURROUNDED BY WEATHERMEN....
BACK, REVANCHIST PIG! UP THE UAR! NO MORE RIP OFFS! TRASH ZIMMERMAN!
GOTTA MAKE A DEAL FOR THE GANG... ABOVE ALL, FOR JOANIE...
WARNER BROS SEVEN ARTS
OKAY, EVERYONE, HERE'S CONTRACTS FOR YOU ALL TO APPEAR ON DICK CAVETT!



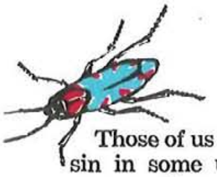
SO ZIMMERMAN PASSES THROUGH THE GATES OF EDEN.
HI, I'M ART WARNER. PLEASED TO KNOW YOU!
THE BROTHERS WARNER SOON REALIZE THAT THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHING LIKE THE MIGHTY ZIMM...
OKAY, WE'LL GIVE THE BOOK-TITLE RIGHTS TO HOFFMAN, THE BIRD LOGO TO SCHULTZ, POSTERS TO MARBORO, AND GET JONI MITCHELL TO DO THE MAIN TITLE SONG—I'LL LEND HER A COUPLE OF MY WRITERS...
....HE DOESN'T UNDERESTIMATE THEM, AND THEY DON'T UNDERESTIMATE HIM!
TERMS
ROYALTIES.
NOTWITHSTANDING
THIRD PARTIES
MOVIE RIGHTS
RESIDUALS
WITHERSOEVER
ASCAP
ATCO
OFF THE TOP
TEN PERCENT
OPTION
WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, ZIMMERMAN RETURNS TO THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES....
WUP WUP WUP WUP
A THREE-RECORD SET!
MY FIRST AND LAST MOVIE!
THIRTY MILLION GUARANTEED!
ZIMMERMAN'S DONE IT AGAIN!
ZIMMERMAN RESUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY AS JUST PLAIN FOLK-SINGER BOB DYLAN AND REJOINS HIS JUBILANT FRIENDS.
HI, GANG. WHAT'S NEW?
BOBBY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
THIS WAS THE CLIMACTIC EVENT OF THE SIXTIES.
WE'RE RICH!
SEBASTIAN, WHAT YA HEAR FROM ZAL?
HENDRIX, WHY DON'T YOU DROP DEAD?
JOANIE, C'MON BACK UP TO THE HOUSE.
SOMEDAY... SOMEDAY I'LL MEET ZIMMERMAN HIMSELF.
IF SHE ONLY KNEW...
WILL QUEEN JOAN (APPROXIMATELY) EVER MEET ZIMMERMAN? WILL BOB DYLAN EVER COME AGAIN? THE ANSWER, MY FRIENDS, IS BLOWING IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE...





See Me, Deal Me, Clutch Me, Steal Me

A bundle from Britain: authentic memories of Swinging London by soi-disant editor of Punch magazine, Alan Coren



Those of us who, for some unnamed sin in some unspecified eon during some earlier cycle of our transmogrified souls, have been doomed to the barnacled and listing craft of journalism have greater sympathy than most with the jaded hysterics on *Time* magazine who first cobbled together the Swinging London story. We who daily sink down that long mine-shaft to the bottom of our culture with a view to hacking a few clichés from the rock-face and bringing them back to peddle on the surface, we know how such stories get written.

Like a pendulum do . . .

And it is quite clear to me now, with ten years in the trade behind me, that the Swinging London story probably began thus: one young *Time* reporter, seduced prematurely from the middle of his thesis on, say, "The Use of the Semicolon in Gamma Gurton's Needle" by thoughts of the loot available on the premises of the Time-Life Corporation to lads who could turn a deft and meaningless polysyllable, traveled one fateful day from New Haven to New York and offered his literary services. Whereupon, he was given an expense sheet and a quire of foolscap and enshipped to London to cover royal pregnancies or imperial decay or some such subject likely to go down well in Des Moines and Tuscaloosa. And, believing that London was, as Hollywood had long informed him, a large expanse of permanent fog through which private detectives in hansom cabs (driven by lovable Cockney wits) pursued foreigners in beards with designs upon the legal government, he was somewhat surprised to discover that this wasn't strictly so, and that London was a town much like capital cities anywhere else. Not only was it not populated entirely by men in bowler hats, who talked about cricket, and dog-faced virgins who were saving it for their marriages to the bowler-hatted gents, who would then be allowed to mount their prize once a month in return for paying the rent, London was also a spot where the prevailing moral wind was somewhat more blustery than he'd been given to understand: it was possible, he discovered, to walk down a Soho street and gain admission to small theatres where young ladies would come onstage and wave their tits at him for a mere buck-and-a-half; it was possible, on the production of negotiable tender, to get other ladies to entertain him dressed only in a plastic raincoat and gumboots and who, for a further small consideration, would beat him upon the buttocks with a tennis racket until a satisfactory end to the contest had been reached; it was further possible to attend public cinemas where the social behavior of Scandinavians could be observed, frequently in the company of large dogs; and, most intriguing of all, it was possible, given the advent of the miniskirt and the continuing presence of buses with stairs to an upper floor, to see either the underwear or the absence of it on vast numbers of succulent young women.

So he went home to his flat and thought about this for a while. Where was the coolness of the British, where was their sexlessness, their gentility, their social shyness: above all, where was that image of restraint upon which he had been weaned? It was at this point that our innocent heard a knock at the door; he opened it to discover a nubile item from the flat above, holding an empty cup and giving out with a dimply inquiry as to the state of his sugar stocks. After which, of course, she insisted that he make the trip upstairs to sink his face into her delicious Maxwell House; and, youth being the chemical thing it is, when midnight came, everyone's chimes were being well and truly struck.



What's it all about, Alfie?

With the result that, the next morning, the young American sprang—or, more likely, crawled—into a cab and hurtled round to the Time-Life offices on Bond Street, where he begged the loan of a typewriter. And when he stood up again, a few phrasey hours

continued

continued
later, the London of Big Ben, Buckingham Palace, the Changing of the Guard, and eight thousand pubs in which Charles Dickens had beyond any shadow of a doubt bought a pint for William Makepeace Thackeray was no more. Overnight, this quaint and crumbly monument had been transformed into a sink of thrilling iniquity beside which Sodom and Gomorrah stood revealed for the Disneylands they were.

It wouldn't have mattered if things had stopped there. After all, I am given to understand (and my lawyers stand behind me in this) that there have been other occasions on which *Time* magazine has been guilty of tiny inaccuracies, slight shifts of emphasis perhaps, that sort of thing. But journalism, again, being a question of giving the people what you think they ought to want, the English press leaped upon this concrete evidence of decadence and splashed it for all they were worth. We Londoners woke up next morning to discover ourselves playing out a modern Satyricon, *and we'd never even realized it!* For years we had spilled our paltry savings in scouring the propagandized stews of Europe and Africa, from Paris to the Reeperbahn, from Tangiers to Istanbul, from Copenhagen to the Via Veneto, invariably coming home broke, disillusioned, and with small sores beginning to show up in the body's warmer nooks—and it had all been going on all the time, right under our noses, on our very own doorsteps!

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mod.

The times, of course, were ripe for us to believe all this heady garbage. The odor of corruption, in those early sixties, was, however faint, in the London air: John Profumo, a Minister of the Crown, had been discovered under the same blanket as Miss Christine Keeler; the Vassall case had informed the fascinated world that heterosexuality was by no means the norm in the seats, you should pardon the expression, of power, and that many a respectable housewife strolling down Piccadilly was in fact a rear admiral or RAF wing commander on his day off; and there had been a particularly notorious divorce involving the Duchess of Argyll and a team of crack co-respondents, all of which had led us ordinary citizens to suspect that Victoria was dead. So that we were not entirely unprepared to believe a story that suggested that everyone in London was screwing everyone else, that the prime diet of the day was Acapulco gold, with a little horse to follow, and that every coffee bar, youth club, record shop, and cellar restaurant was packed to the gunwales with nymphomaniac addicts.

The fact that, at that time, there was about nine ounces of cannabis in the entire city and only seven unmarried girls prepared to expose their left breast to Mr. Right is neither here nor there. We *believed* what we read in the papers, because it was such a delightful thing to believe and because the idea of inhabiting the most lubricious spot in the entire galaxy was one that drove us out of our pubescent minds. And, inevitably, life began, such as its wont, to imitate art, or, at any rate, Timese. Spurred on by the conviction that other girls in other places were doing the same, a few girls began walking down Kings Road, Chelsea, in see-through blouses, thus immediately turning Kings Road, as far as the reading public was concerned, into something that would have had Lot's wife in the salt cellar in naught seconds flat. The fact that these girls were then taken around a corner and paid £5 by the news photographers who just happened to be passing is neither here nor there; the girls went home, in their overcoats, to their Mum and Dad's house and thought no more about it, but we twenty-year-old males immediately grabbed our hats and took off for Kings Road.

Where all we saw were other twenty-year-old males in hats.

You can't go Hume again.

It was about this time that the Beautiful People were invented: after all, if London was to swing, swingers would have to be found . . . or, rather, made. Now, the Beautiful People, while they were actually fashioned, coiffed, clothed, photographed, and presented by a small group of astute citizens who saw therein the opportunity to turn a fast buck, were actually there, in the early sixties, albeit in embryo, waiting for big business to perform its inevitable midwifery. And they were there because of a cultural revolution, and this revolution, like everything else in postwar Britain (and I am referring here, of course, to the wars of the Roses), was very slow, very cautious, very benevolent, and entirely bloodless. It was not a situation where hirsute men in jumpsuits came out of the hills and put the Establishment to the sword, machete, and interminable speech about agronomy, whatever that is; it was, rather, a very, very slow decline in the fortunes of the ruling elite and a very, very slow rise in the fortunes of the prole majority. So that, while dukes and earls turned their stately homes into funfairs, and while succeedingly socialist governments taxed the unearned incomes of industrial barons more and more drastically, and while the British Empire eroded itself island by island and preferential tariff by preferential tariff, so the scales in which 95 percent of the population had been patiently waiting for centuries began, gradu-

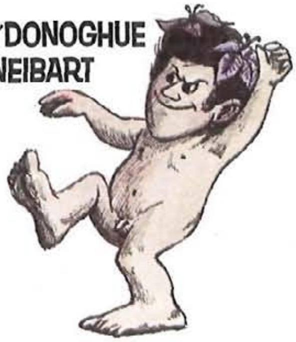
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WHERE THE WEIRD THINGS ARE

STORY BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
PICTURES BY WALLY NEIBART

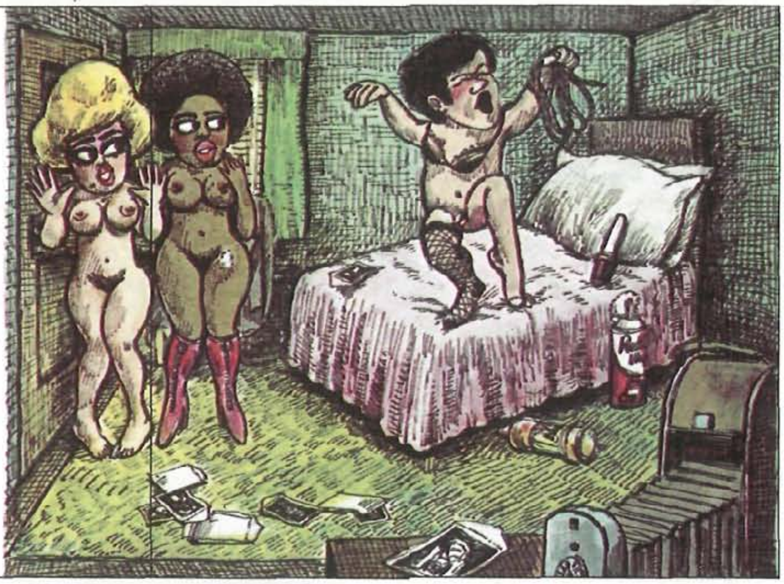


The night Max took off his Hart Schaffner & Marx suit

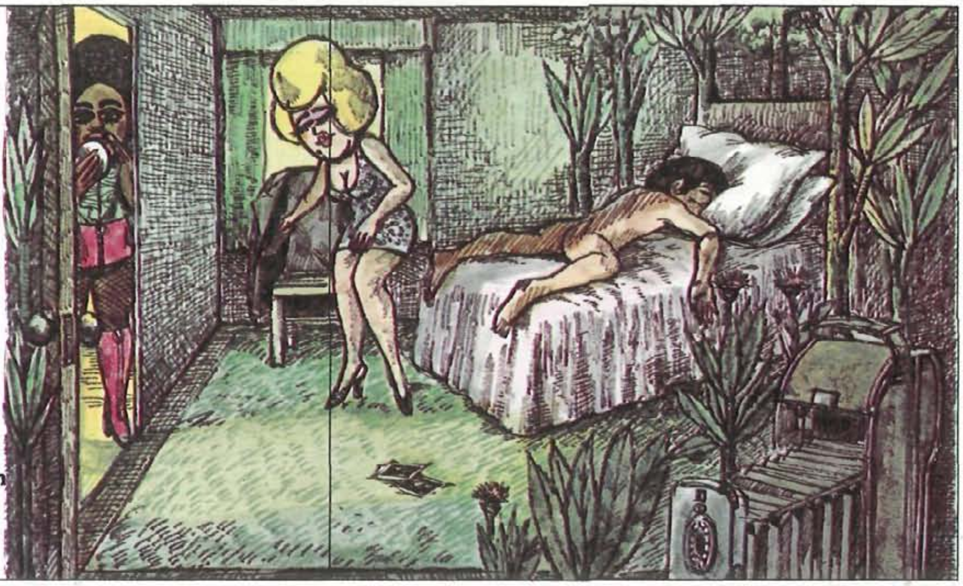


and was very, very naughty





Charlene said "YOU WEIRD THING!" and Max replied "I'LL TIE YOU UP AND THEN I'LL SIT ON YOUR —"



and passed out on the bed. That very night grass grew in Max's room



and poppies and cactus and even spotted mushrooms. When Max came to, he took a deep breath and walked right through the wall.



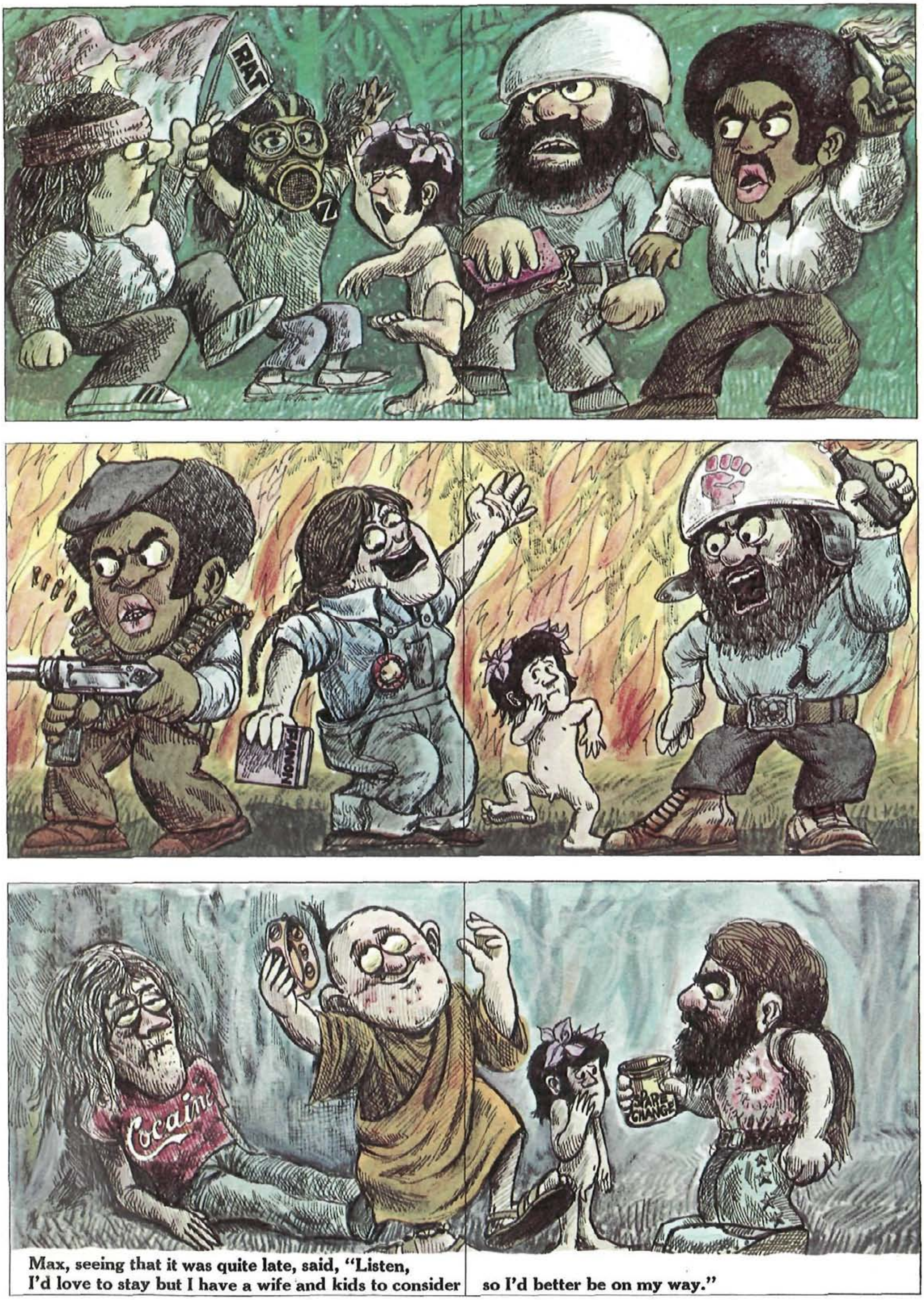
And he came to the place where the weird things are. They banged their Fender guitars and screamed their outtasite songs and rolled their dynamite dope and cursed the Vietnam War



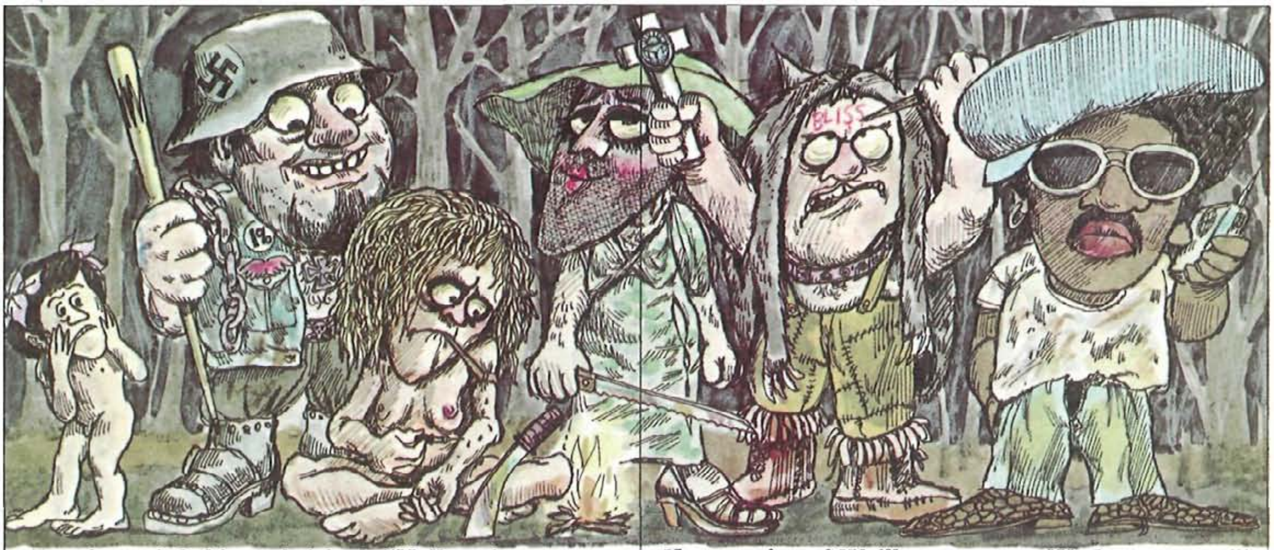
till Max said "KNOCK IT OFF!" and calmed them with a secret sign.



The weird things muttered "In-fucking-credible!" and made him the high priest of weirdness. "And now," cried Max, "let the weird freak-out begin!"



Max, seeing that it was quite late, said, "Listen, I'd love to stay but I have a wife and kids to consider so I'd better be on my way."



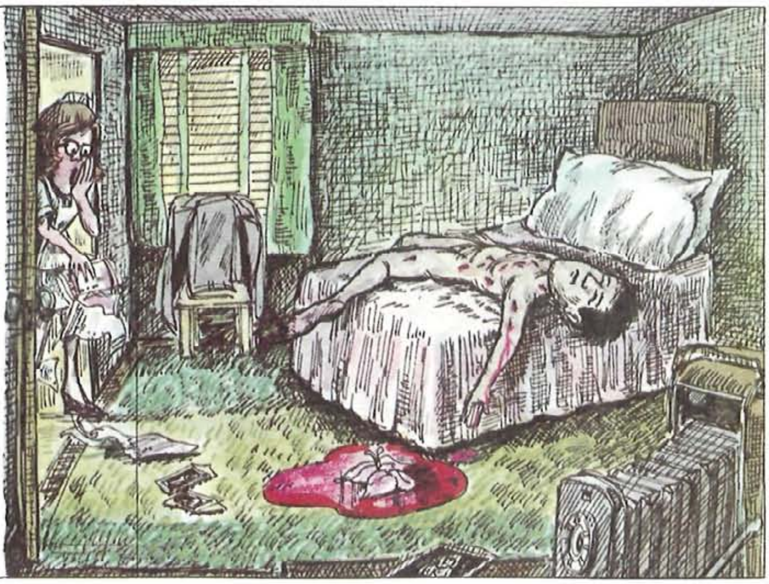
But the weird things shrieked: "Hell, no! You won't go! We'll cut you up. We love you so!"

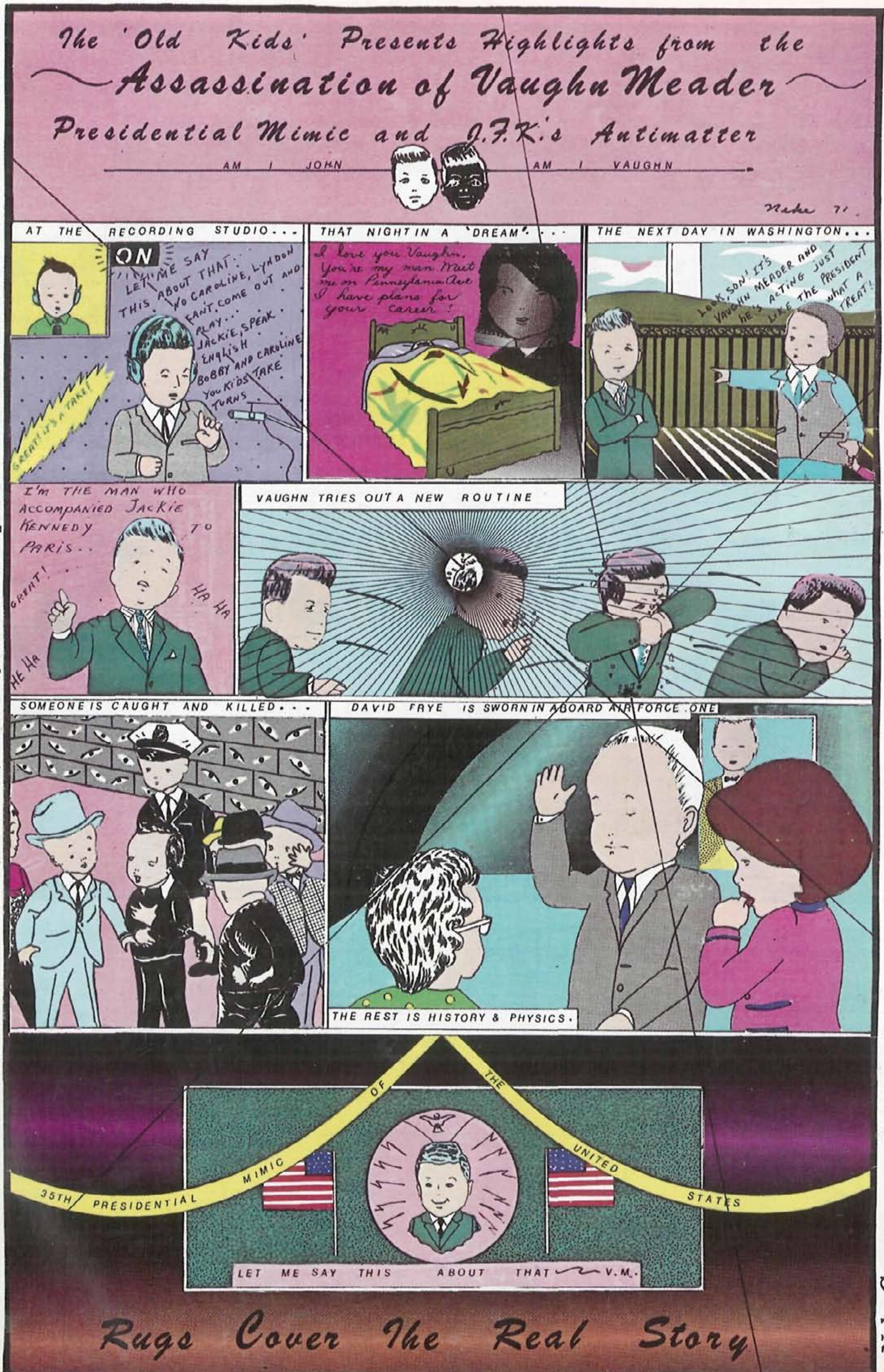
and they did.



Max managed to crawl back into the dawn of his own room where the maid found his body in the morning

and it was still warm.





an excerpt from the forthcoming book *The Someday Funnies*, edited by Michel Choquette

by Neke Carson


JUNKHEAD
CHRISTMAS '71: SNOW FALLS QUIETLY OVER 2ND AVE. & COLD WIND CUTS THROUGH THE RAGS OF TWO HUMANS CAST AWAY ON THE SEA OF LIFE...
~FILLMORE CLOSED~ MERRY CHRISTMAS
GOT A BULLET?
GOT A BULLET? C'MON, MAN, I'M GOOD FOR IT!! LOOK, I WASN'T ALWAYS AS YOU SEE ME NOW! ONCE I WAS A TEENAGER! WENT TO RIVERDALE HIGH WITH A BUNCH OF GOOD PEOPLE MAN........
..EVEN GRADUATED IN '64...
MAYBE YOU HEARD OF US—THE ARCHIES, MAN! WE CUT A FEW RECORDS BUT BROKE UP AFTER '64 & I WAS LEFT HOME ALONE. MY PASSION FOR FOOD SOON TURNED TO BOOZE.
ROUND, ROUND, GET AROUND, I GET AROUND...
NO, I DON'T HULLY-GULLY & I DON'T SWIM! I DRINK!
BUT BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS HOOKED ON THE REDS IN MY MOTHER'S MEDICINE CHEST!!
JUG, DID YOU WANT TO USE THE CAR TONITE?
NAW, DAD—I JUS' THINK I'LL STAY RIGHT IN HERE.
SO THE FOLKS SAID "GET A JOB OR GET OUT!" I GOT OUT. I WANTED TO GO SOMEWHERE & DO MY OWN THING—ACID, SPEED, DMT, STP......
WOOOOOOSH..
FRISCO
& I DID THE WORST: SAN FRANCISCO & THE WHOLE GODDAMNED SUMMER OF LOVE! I LOST MY HEALTH, YOUTH, SIGHT IN MY RIGHT EYE, & THE ABILITY TO GET UP!!! THEN ONE NIGHT I LOST...... CALIFORNIA!
SPARE CHANGE?
SPARE CHANGE?
SPARE CHANGE?
ZIP
I WAS IN LINE AT THE FILLMORE WITH TICKETS, BUT WHEN I LOOKED, THEY
JUNE 27-30
CREAM - TRAFFIC - HOT TUNA
SAID...FILLMORE EAST!!!
SO I'VE BEEN PART OF THE EAST VILLAGE SINCE '68. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE! BUT THAT'S O.K.—I'VE GOT EVERYTHING HERE I NEED....'CEPT ARCHIE....
GEM'S SPA
EGG CREAMS
YA? DA!
CHIPERELLI WAZ HEAR
WHERE'S ARCHIE? GLAD YOU ASKED! HE BARELY MADE IT INTO MIGRAINE STATE ON HIS LOUSY BOARDS, BUT HE GOT ALONG PRETTY WELL WITH THE GIRLS! UNTIL DOPE HIT CAMPUS, ANYWAY....HE REALLY GOT INTO GRASS BEFORE HE FLUNKED OUT! THEN HE FORMED A LITTLE FOLK-ROCK GROUP FOR THE SUMMER, UNTIL........
ANIMALS!
OUT!
I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
PROPERTY OF GIRLS' DORM
HEY, ARCH! DID YOU CATCH THAT DREISER LECTURE?
DON'T BUG MY MEDITATION, MAN!
IT'S ALRIGHT MA
DON'T WORRY, ARCH, THE FIRST 8 WEEKS ARE THE WORST!!!
CHRIST! WE'VE 8 WEEKS TO FILL! KNOW WHERE I CAN GET ANOTHER BASS GUITAR, ARCH?
DRAFT NOTICE


IN THE ARMY ARCHIE DID SIT-UPS, PUSH-UPS, CHIN-UPS, THE 16-COUNT MANUAL OF ARMS, THE 26-COUNT MANUAL OF ARMS, AND A LOT OF CRYING! HE SIGNED UP FOR AN EXTRA YEAR TO AVOID ACTIVE DUTY AND TO GET ARMY SCHOOL AND HIS CHOICE OF DUTY IN GERMANY, ENGLAND, OR JAPAN. SO WHEN HE FINISHED ARMY SCHOOL IN 1968 AND FILED FOR DUTY IN JAPAN, HE GOT IMMEDIATE ORDERS FOR VIETNAM!!!
I BEEN FUCKED!
BUT HE WASN'T IN THE NAM TWO WEEKS BEFORE HE LANDED BACK IN JAPAN—ON "R&R" AFTER SHOOTING HIMSELF IN THE FOOT.
THIS HIDEOUS WAR IS THE GREATEST ABOMINATION SINCE HITLER! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
I ALWAYS BELIEVED IN GOD! HOW COULD HE LET THIS HAPPEN?
BACK IN DA NANG, ARCHIE PLAYED GUITAR IN THE PLUSH OFFICER'S CLUB FOR AWHILE! THE DOPE & MONEY WAS GOOD UNTIL ONE NIGHT........
YOU PLAY MELON-CHOLLY BEBE, I BE GOOD GEL FOR YOU, YOU SEE, JOE!
........ARCHIE WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD!!! AFTER A SERIES OF MAJOR OPERATIONS HE WAS SENT HOME WITH A PLATE IN HIS HEAD. IT WAS PAINLESS, BUT QUITE FREQUENTLY.....
ANYBODY GOT A KLEENEX? I GOT ANOTHER NOSEBLEED!
HE WAS TENSE AND MOODY AND DID LITTLE BUT WATCH T.V. AND GO FOR LONG WALKS IN THE WOODS........
IN MAY, 1970, AFTER A BAD MONTH, HE PASSED AWAY.
THEN THERE'S MORONICA, THAT RICH CUNT!! FIRST OFF, SHE REFUSED TO LEAVE MOROCCO ON HER POST-GRADUATION TOUR, HAVING FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A BLOND MOROCCAN, RASCHID! HER FATHER GOT HER HOME WITH AN M.G. & SET HER UP AT SKIDMORE. SHE DID O.K. TILL SHE NOTICED SHE WAS KNOCKED UP! SO SHE WENT ON A "BRIEF VACATION" TO PUERTO RICO — WHERE SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH A BLOND SIX-FOOT PUERTO RICAN NAMED JOSÉ! THIS TIME IT TOOK AN XKE TO GET HER BACK HOME!!!
SCRATCH
AN' YOU EVER CHEAT, YOU BEETCH, I COT YOU OF! I KEEL YOU BAD! YOU BE REAL SORRY........
OH, RASCHID, NEVER...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. EVERY SINGLE MORNING!
I UNDERSTAND IT, BABY!
YOU-YOU BEAST! HOW COULD YOU THINK OF PUTTING YOUR --IN MY-- BACK THERE!!!
HEY, MON, YOU NEARLY AS TIGHT AS LEETLE PABLO!
MR. LODGE GOT HER A BOUTIQUE IN SWINGING LONDON & A BRIGHT FAG-GOT TO RUN IT. SHE DID O.K., I GUESS...
BLOODY MOD CARNABY BOUTIQUE GRAND OPENING
SHE HUNG OUT WITH THE STONES, MARY QUANT, & THAT GANG, UNTIL SHE GOT KNOCKED UP AGAIN...STUPID CUNT!
IS THIS THE PLACE?
BLOW-UP PREMIERE
SNORK
ZZNORK
FINALLY IN '69 SHE TURNED UP ON A "BRIEF VACATION" WITH SPYRO SPIRO STARVO ARISTOTLE PAPADOPOULOUS, A BLOND GREEK SHIPPING MAGNATE WITH WHOM SHE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE.....
SNAP
YOU DADDY??? FORGET YOU DADDY! I BUY YOU DADDY LIKE THAT!!



AFTER LESS THAN A YEAR SHE WAS TAKEN TO AN ATHENS HOSPITAL ON A BARBITURATE O.D. AS SOON AS SHE COULD MOVE A PEN SHE FILED FOR DIVORCE.....
GET ME ATHENS, QUICK! I'LL BE RUINED!!!
TWITCH
CRAK
SINCE, SHE'S LIVED IN ROME WITH BLOND MAFIOSO, GUISEPPI "EXTREME UNCTION" MUNGTENGA. BUT THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TOGETHER MUCH.
DAILY NEWS
KIN GATHER FOR JOEY'S RITES
VIETNAMESE GAIN QUANG TRI
N' BETTY, THAT DUMB PUSSY—SHE MARRIED A HOOD CALLED LOU FUSCO IN '64 & MOVED TO OHIO. IN SEVEN YEARS THEY'VE HAD NINE KIDS!!! NO SHAME AT ALL, MAN, & IN A TRAILER, TOO! YEAH, MY MOTHER VISITED THEM LAST SPRING......
YAWN
HI, MRS. JONES! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW UPPER PLATE? THE WELFARE PAID FOR IT!
WAHHHHHH
MOMMY
IT SEEMS SHE WAS ELIGIBLE FOR WELFARE WITH LOU SPENDING 180 DAYS IN THE CAN FOR ASSAULTING THEIR THREE-YEAR-OLD KID, DREW, WHO HAD INNOCENTLY CALLED A GREASE MONKEY "UNCLE DADDY LEOTIS"!
GOD, NO! LOU, DON'T DO IT!
BEAT ME INSTEAD!
YOU LIL' SON OF A BITCH! YOU'RE NO SON OF MINE!!
HE WORKED BETTY OVER PRETTY WELL, TOO, BEFORE THE POLICE SHOWED UP. THAT'S HOW SHE CAME BY THE NEW TOP PLATE!!!
YOU GODDAMNED WHORE! YOU JUST WAIT TILL I GET OUT! I'LL GET YOU GOOD!
SPITAL
BULANCE
YEAH, I DON'T KNOW WHY I STAY WITH THAT BASTARD! HE'S NOT TOO GOOD IN BED EITHER.......
MOMMY, MOMMY!
DEREK POO-POO
IN HIS SPAGHETTI!!
SCRATCH
YOU LITTLE PRICK!! I'LL WRING YOUR NECK IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN! WRING YOUR NECK!!!
YOW!
TRUE CONFESSIONS
BRAK!
ZZZZ
THEN SHE LAID DOWN AND STARTED CRYING.
HI, BETTY! THE HUBBY HOME? ...OOPS! AM I INTRUDING?
MOMMA, MOMMA! IT'S UNCLE DADDY MISTER DUFFY! YOU GOT A PRESENT FOR ME, UNCLE DADDY?
BUCKEYE BEER
SOB SOB
SOB
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, MRS. JONES. IT'S AN OLD FRIEND, BUT, BEFORE YOU GO... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ARCHIE ANDREWS? IS HE...... MARRIED YET?
SNIFFLE
REGGIE DID ALL RIGHT, THOUGH, AT BERKELEY! IN '65 HE HELPED RUBIN LEAD THE BIG FREE-SPEECH RIOTS! THEN IN '66 THE FBI CAME AND RECLAIMED HIS BADGE! SEEMS REGGIE HUNG OUT AT THE GAY SPOTS IN SAN FRANCISCO & THE FBI DIDN'T LIKE IT AT ALL! THE BERKELEY KIDS DIDN'T LIKE REGGIE MUCH EITHER...
DIG, SCRATCH
FUCK
WHAT'D I DO? WHAT'D I DO?
WE KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING!!! YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T BUST YOU!
WHAT'D I DO? TAKE SOME PHOTOS, LIST SOME NAMES. IF IT HADN'T BEEN ME, IT WOULD'VE BEEN SOMEBODY ELSE......
LEVIZS


HE WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH SAN JOSE STATE BLACKMAILING RICH PEOPLE HE MET THROUGH THE BARB CLASSIFIEDS.
LEY BARB ADS
TALL, DARK, WHITE MALE, AC/DC/LSMFT, 8½", SEEKS SIMILARLY INCLINED SINGLES & COUPLES. NOT AVERSE TO LIGHT b/d, BUT DRAWS THE LINE AT g/v AND ANIMAL TRAINING. CALL REGGIO 989-
HE WORKED IN AN AD AGENCY THEN, UNTIL ONE DAY HE CAUGHT A PHONE CALL TO HIS BOSS FROM A BIG NEW YORK PUBLICITY FIRM! THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY TO MANAGE A HOT NEW ROCK GROUP...
YEAH, WELL... EDDIE'S NOT TOO HOT ON RELOCATING.... WIFE N' KIDS, Y'KNOW...
THE GROUP'S GRAND PUNK?
WELL, MY NAME IS REGGIE MANTLE
BY THE TIME EDDIE HEARD ABOUT THIS DEAL, REGGIE WAS ALREADY BLOWJOBBING HIS WAY AROUND THE CBS BUILDING. HE'S BIG TIME NOW!
NOW!
REGGIE LIVES IN CHELSEA WITH A 6-FOOT BLOND MOROCCAN MASSEUR, RASCHID, WITH WHOM RANDY AGNEW IS SAID TO ONCE HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE!
MR. ANDERSON, PLEASE! HI, JACK? ...MANTLE IN NEW YORK HERE...
BOY, HAVE I GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU!! A LITTLE LOWER, POOCHIE!
THEN THERE'S MOOSE - SO DUMB HE COULDN'T GET TO COLLEGE IN HIS JOCKSTRAP! SO HE HITCHED WITH THE GREEN BERETS AND WENT TO THE NAM! HIS CAREER WAS ONE LONG BLOODBATH! HE GOT THE MEDAL OF HONOR FOR JUMPING OUT OF A HUEY OVER NORTH VIETNAM & FIGHTING BACK ACROSS THE DMZ - WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE!
JESUS, MOOSE, WE'RE GONNA CATCH HELL FOR THIS...
DUH... YA TINK SO, LOO-TENANT CALLEY?
NO, MOOSE NO!
DUH... REDS!
HO CHI MINH DEDICATED AN EXCLUSIVE SPEECH TO MOOSE OVER RADIO HANOI!
DMZ
MOOSE
PERFIDIOUS TREACHERY
WANTON BLOODSHED
INHUMAN SADISM
BESTIAL ATROCITIES
THEN IN '70 HE BLEW OFF HIS ARM BY CRUSHING A GRENADE IN HIS FIST, THINKING IT WAS A BEER CAN!!! BACK IN THE STATES HE MARRIED MIDGE AND CUT AN ALBUM - ONE THOUSAND MEN!
ONE THOUSAND MEN - DUH - ONE THOUSAND MEN WILL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN!
CAN'T THAT DUMB BASTARD STAY ON KEY? THERE'S ONLY TWO CHORDS IN THE SONG!
SBC
HE WAS ON A LOT OF TALK SHOWS TOO, UNTIL ONE NIGHT THEY HAD TO BLEEP HIM OFF THE DICK CAVETT SHOW...
DUH, YEAH!
DA HUEY'S DROPPED US OFF ON MOLOKAI,
N' WE GAVE DEM SLANT CRIPS DA WORKS: NAPALM, NERVE GAS, BOMBS...
FLAP FLAP
SOB SOB
AND THERE IT IS. SOMETIMES WISH I WAS BACK THERE. SOMETIMES WISH I WAS HERE!
SURE WISH I HAD A BULLET.... A BULLET, DAMMIT, HAVEN'T YOU GOT A LOUSY BULLET?
REVOLUTION '68
WOLFGANG SUCKS
KOOL KEVIN-112
Z
A BULLET! A BULLET! GIVE IT TO ME QUICK! IN THE HEAD! HERE!!!
Z
I WAS A BULLET ONCE.

14 reasons why you should read INTELLECTUAL DIGEST

1. **A report on the most implausible war correspondent in history—the pacifist George Bernard Shaw in Belgium during World War I.** (Journey To Heartbreak)

2. **The discovery by a geologist that the South Pole was once in the Sahara Desert.** (Natural History)

3. **An English scholar disposes of the "real" Christ and says that the Church created Him and "has invented ever new Christs for every new age."** (Spectator)

4. **A first-hand report from Joseph Heller on the long-awaited successor to *Catch-22*, in ID's unique feature "Work In Progress."**

5. **A lawyer-penologist talks about what will have to replace our disastrous prison system.** (After Conviction: A New Review of the American Correction System)

6. **Robert Craft's moving journal of the death of his friend and master, Igor Stravinsky.** (N.Y. Review of Books)

7. **Why is Frantz Fanon, a black prophet who died 10 years ago, a key to the Black Power movement in the U.S.?** (Saturday Review)

8. **Where in the whole world can you find the best example of the theory and practice of No-Work?** (Hudson Review)

9. **Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.** (N.Y. Review of Books)

10. **In "The Souring of George Sauer" the ex-N.Y. Jets star offers some unexpected thoughts on aggression and authoritarianism in football.** (Institute for the Study of Sport and Society)

11. **A California psychologist bucks the tide and speaks up for the benefits of poor communication.** (Psychoanalytic Review)

12. **How to tackle a disease with all the weapons of science, and find that success may bring a whole new set of problems.** (Smithsonian)

13. **Arnold Toynbee looks at man's development for an answer to today's question: Is Religion Superfluous?** (Surviving the Future)

14. **Was Ho Chi Minh a bad poet? Read the arguments, pro and con, and decide for yourself as Intellectual Digest presents the Chinese original and two clashing translations.**

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FOTO FUNNIES
CHEESE
DO YOU HEAR IT?
NO, I JUST HEAR THE SEA.
LISTEN HARDER.
I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING. I HEAR PEOPLE. THEY'RE SPEAKING FRENCH.
THEY SEEM TO BE ARGUING ABOUT SOMETHING.
CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT?
IT SEEMS TO BE A TRIAL. NO,,, A MILITARY TRIBUNAL,,, ONE OF THEM COLLABORATED,,,
THE SORROW AND THE PITY.

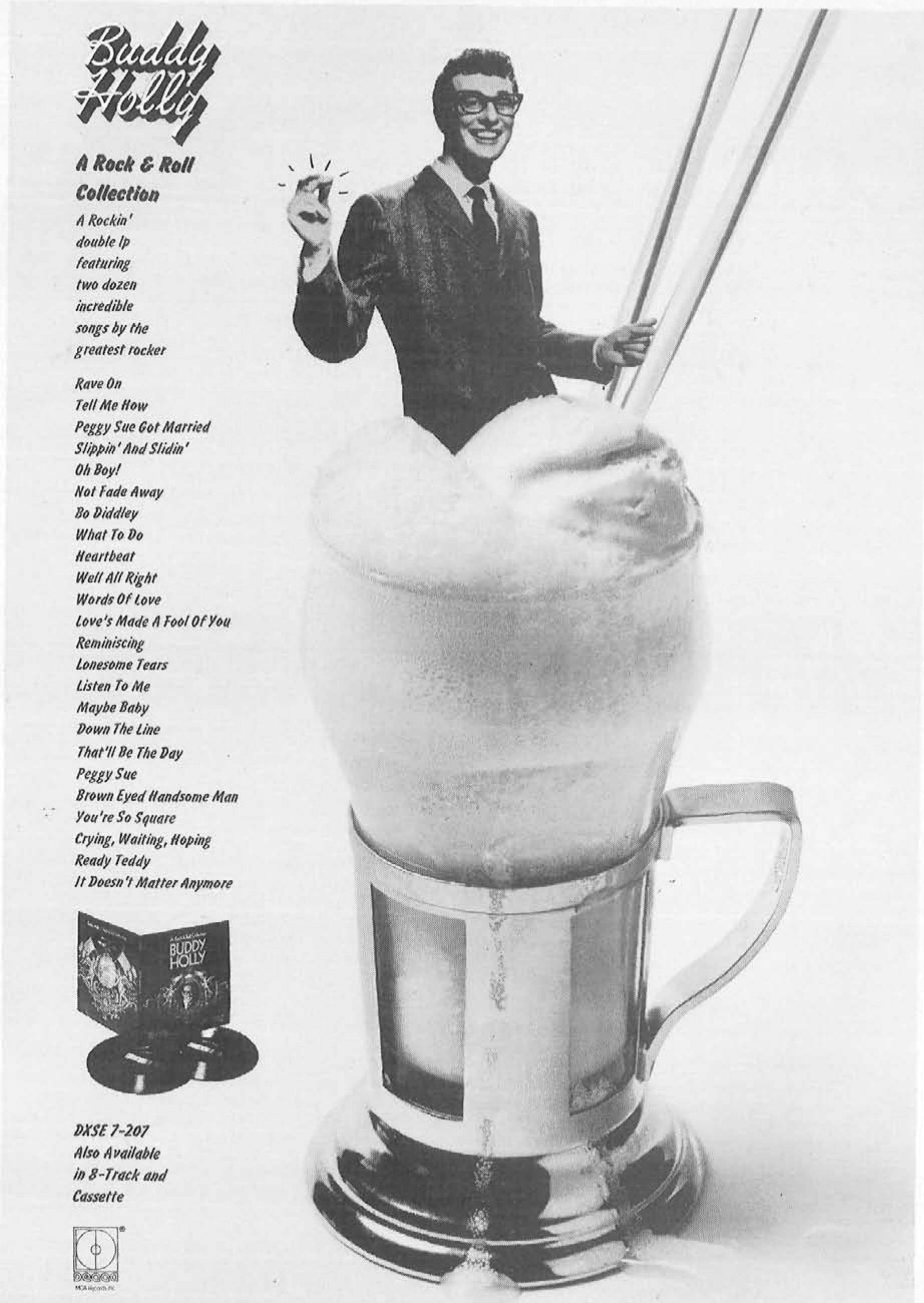
An Afternoon on St. Mark's Place Sometime Late in the 1960s





Illustration by Randall Enos


FOTO FUNNIES
CHEESE
WAKE UP. WAKE UP.
MY BREASTS FELL ASLEEP AND WERE HAVING NIGHTMARES....
WHATZAT?
THIS ONE THOUGHT IT WAS IN A PIANO-WRECKING CONTEST, AND THE OTHER ONE DREAMT THAT IT HAD BEEN STOLEN BY GYPSIES AS A CHILD.
PIANO-WRECKING GYPSIES...
YES, AND THE GYPSIES TRAINED IT TO STEAL FROM PEOPLE'S CLOTHESLINES. AND ONE DAY IT WAS CAUGHT BY THE KING'S SOLDIERS....
BUT THE KING WAS A KIND MAN AND SAID THAT HE WOULD RELEASE THE BREAST IF IT SANG HIS FAVORITE SONG....
"THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES"
DON'T TELL ME.


Buddy Holly
A Rock & Roll Collection
A Rockin' double lp featuring two dozen incredible songs by the greatest rocker
Rave On
Tell Me How
Peggy Sue Got Married
Slippin' And Slidin'
Oh Boy!
Not Fade Away
Bo Diddley
What To Do
Heartbeat
Well All Right
Words Of Love
Love's Made A Fool Of You
Reminiscing
Lonesome Tears
Listen To Me
Maybe Baby
Down The Line
That'll Be The Day
Peggy Sue
Brown Eyed Handsome Man
You're So Square
Crying, Waiting, Hoping
Ready Teddy
It Doesn't Matter Anymore
BUDDY HOLLY
DXSE 7-207
Also Available in 8-Track and Cassette
DECCA

Come for Your Life

by Chris Miller

Open on aerial shot of busy highway entering San Francisco. The word "Prologue" appears and fades.

Tense, automotive violins.

ANNOUNCER (*grave*): The road. For some, a route of escape from humdrum everyday reality. For others, a daily path to earning a living. For still others, asphalt.

Camera picks out bus, closes in on it until a single side window fills the screen. Through the window gazes David Janssen, looking anxious.

ANNOUNCER: But for you, Richard Dimble, the road has been an unqualified bitch, a ruthless snake scaring you ever onward toward fulfillment of your unwanted quest. Will tonight bring the end of that road, Richard Dimble? Or will you be forced to run for another twenty-six weeks next season? And as your bus enters still another city, on still another Wednesday night, and you step off clutching the airline bag you always seem to be carrying, wearing that same nondescript sport jacket and slacks, are you ready to run . . . now?

WOMEN'S VOICES: Eeeeeeeeeee! Squeeeeeel! It's him—Hard Dickie! It's Dr. Richard Dimble!

DIMBLE, *who has been sneaking along one wall of the bus terminal with his bag held before his groin, stiffens as if slapped. Abandoning stealth, he dashes headlong for the exit. From every corner of the terminal women drop their luggage and begin chasing him.* DIMBLE *bursts through doors, into the street. More women notice him and join the pursuit. Traffic begins to tie up. Horns beep. Passersby are knocked sprawling. Abruptly,* DIMBLE *espies a clear traffic lane and a cab about to pull from the curb. He hurls himself at the cab door and pulls himself inside, breath rasping.*

DIMBLE: Take me to a decaying, lower-middle-class section of town. Hurry!

CABDRIVER (*Turns to look at him. It's a woman. She smiles*): Why not come hide at *my* house instead, Doc?

DIMBLE *bites off a shriek, flings open door, and scrambles from the cab. Begins running again. People are shouting. Horns are blowing. Mounted police have arrived and are beginning to club some of the women back onto the sidewalk, behind barricades, but a sudden outpouring of new women from a department store overwhelms them, sweeping them from their mounts.*

DIMBLE (*glancing over shoulder*): Jesus. (*Redoubles speed.*)

Violins building in tempo. Bursts of timpani.

DIMBLE *turns a corner, then quickly ducks into an alley. The sounds of pursuit fade. Still running, glancing fearfully over his shoulder, he slams into something large and unyielding and falls backward onto the ground. He looks up and his mouth falls open.*

Cut to shot of three immense black women wearing deep-cleavage leather jump suits with coiled whips hanging from their waists. They are staring down in shocked recognition.

Cut back to DIMBLE. *He faints.*

Bongo roll.

Fade to black.

ANNOUNCER (*over still of* DIMBLE *in white, adjusting braces on the teeth of a little girl in a dentist's chair*): Dr. Richard Dimble, Orthodontist . . . a normal man with an uneventful life. (*Cut to still of* DIMBLE *and several other men raising glasses at a bar.*) Then, the nightmare begins. A bachelor party for a friend, several drinks too many, a sudden importune decision to visit a brothel. (*Cut to still of men rushing into the arms of several smiling prostitutes.*) In the morning, you wake hung over and wretched and discover your show's premise (*cut to* DIMBLE *in bed, staring in horror at his groin, from which thrusts an enormous, rocklike erection*): The Erection That Won't Go Away! (*Cut to still of* DIMBLE *in doctor's office, pants down, seated on table. Vince Edwards stares thoughtfully at his penis.*) The doctor is stumped, but his subsequent press conference makes your name a household word. (*Cut to still of newspaper headline: "Dentist with Perpetual Boner."*) (And now, Dr. Dimble, you must fly before your fame (*cut to quick montage of stills of women chasing* DIMBLE) . . . and before the homosexual police lieutenant who pursues you relentlessly. (*Cut to still of Barry Morse, in drag, chasing* DIMBLE.) For if they catch you, they will force you to (*fade on title as* ANNOUNCER *says*) "Come for Your Life."

"Come for Your Life" theme.

ANNOUNCER: Tonight's show: "Acid Test."

Fade up on DIMBLE, *out cold, his head on a pillow. He is unquiet, perspiring, and murmuring to himself. The words "Act I" appear and fade.* DIMBLE*'s eyelids flutter and open.*

Cut to upshot of three great black faces.

FIRST BLACK FACE: Hah, Doc. Mah name Titania.

SECOND BLACK FACE: Mah name Marfa.

THIRD BLACK FACE: An' ah is Rosemarie.

The three women smile in unison.

Cut back to DIMBLE. *His eyes bulge, then begin to roll up.*

TITANIA (*shaking him*): Hey, Doc, don' faint again. We ain' gwine rape you. We Lesbians!

MARFA: Thass right. An' we into late-sixties black consciousness as well, so jus' cause you Caucasian don' mean we after yo' White Owl.

ROSEMARIE: But even though you is neither black no' a Lesbian, we gwine he'p you. You has strangely trussworthy ears.

DIMBLE (*embarrassed*): Uh, thank you. (*Sits up shakily.*) What time is it?

MARFA: It five o'clock. You been out fo' a couple of hour, Doc.

DIMBLE *tries to stand, winces, brings hand to back of head.*

TITANIA: You fetch yo'seff a nasty whack when you fall down, man. Better res' fo' awhile.

DIMBLE (*allowing himself to be laid back down*): You're very kind. But . . . who are you and why are you helping me?

ROSEMARIE (*offering him a plate of fatback and grease*): We de bouncer in de gay bar downstairs. An' as to why we he'pin' you, well, we wuz

continued on page 83

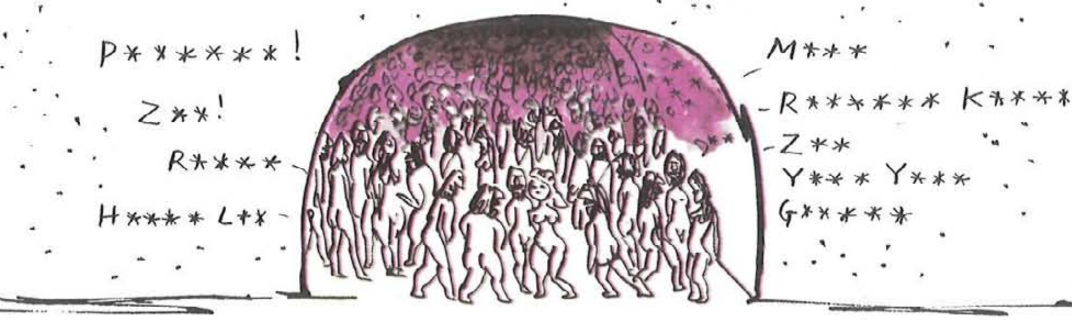


Underneath the Underground

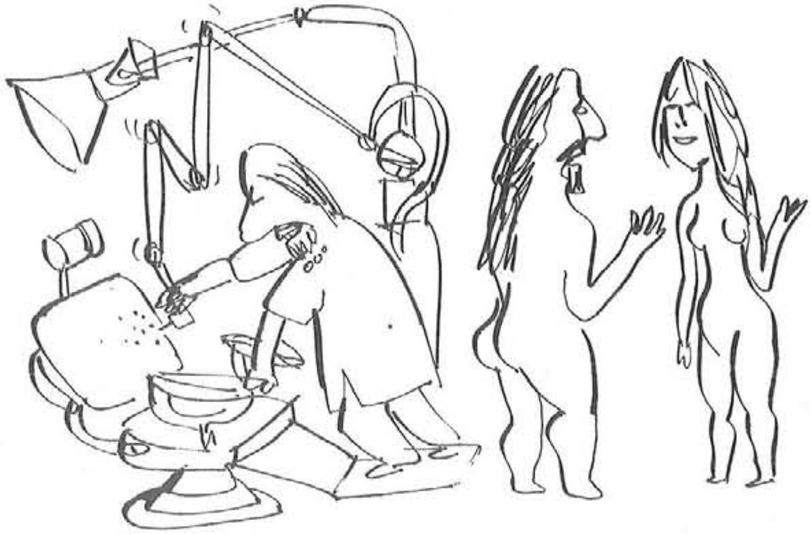
by
John Glashan



The Art and Literary Worlds have received, with delight, news of a proposed Underground Theatre beneath Central Park. The Theatre will be housed in an inverted U section of reinforced concrete 135 miles below the Lake. In the first Production, POT AU F***, a nude cast of twelve thousand poignantly satires Man's dilemma by muttering obscene words at each other for seven days and nights.



To this background, a PROTEST DENTIST drills his empty chair...





...While a NEO-NATURIST painter paints a Landscape, using only natural materials...

... and a wored champion tennis player locks a live piranha fish in a MILD STEEL box.



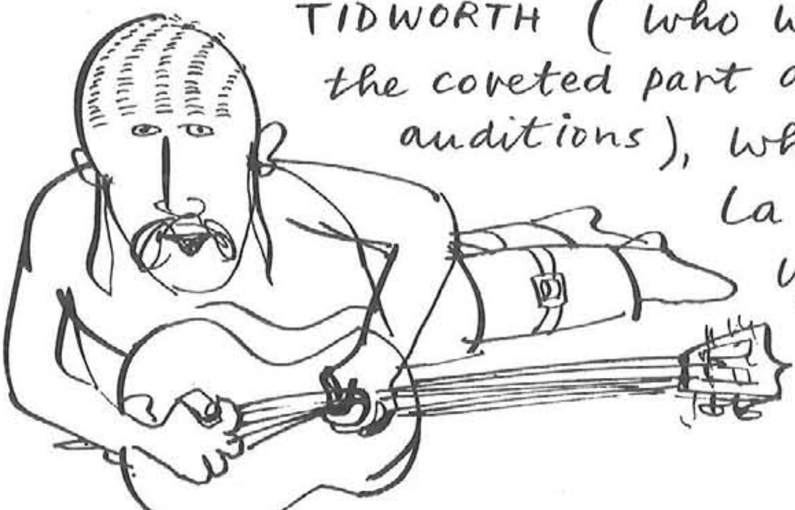
The BRAIN behind this project is BUND CARTEL, teen-age multimillionaire from the middle of the Atlantic.



I'll be lucky if I get my money back

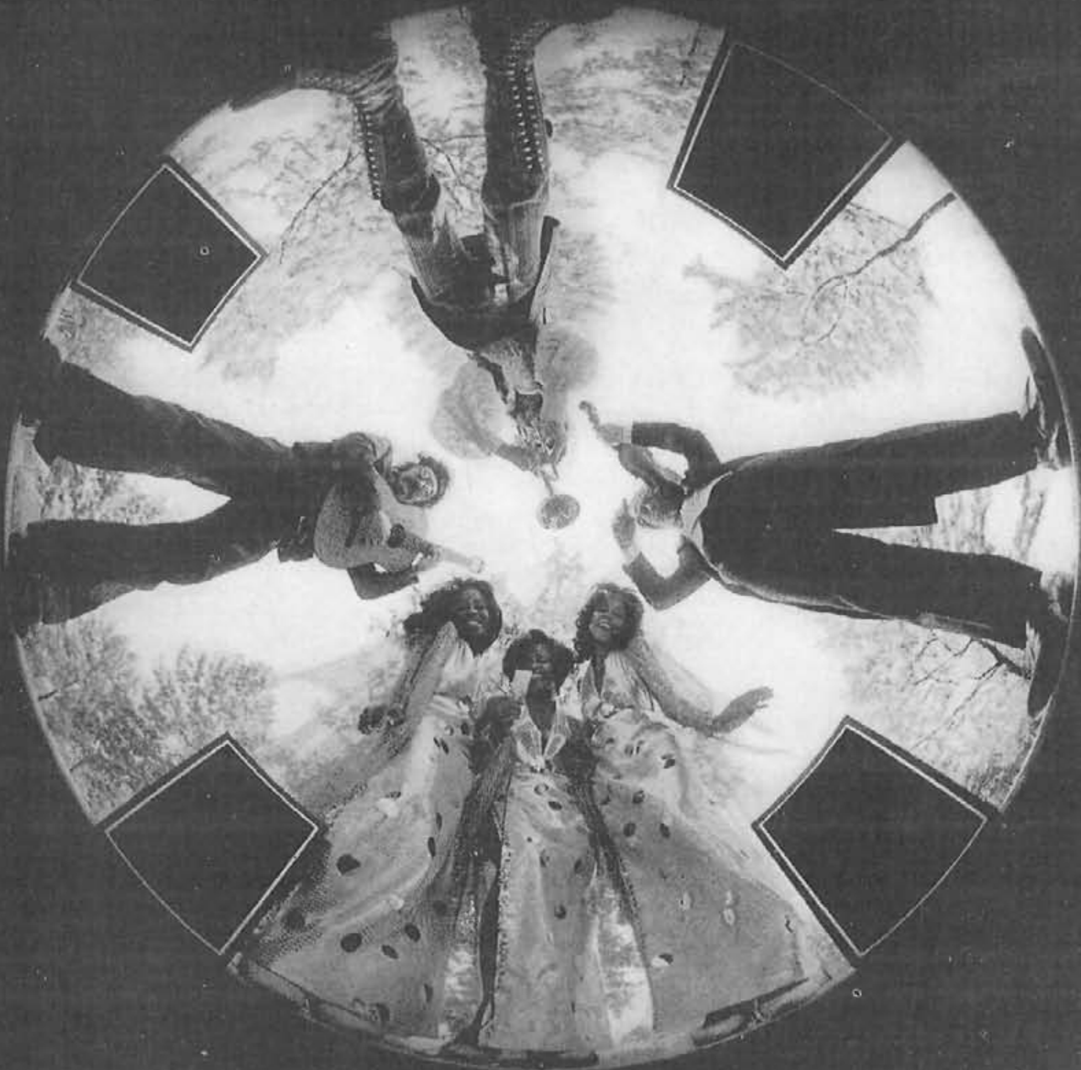
Says BUND: The massive costs involved will be met by: (a) Reduction of Aid to underdeveloped countries, (b) Sweeping cuts in Old-Age Pensions, (c) Profits from the sale of Pornography, (d) Unions, who will be asked to donate their STRIKE FUNDS.

There is an EPILOGUE sung by DINTON TIDWORTH (who was chosen for the coveted part after 394,000 auditions), which Mick de La GUERRE forecasts will soon be "No. 1 World-Wide."



FALSE TEETH GLINTING IN THE SUN
RUBBER DRUNCHING ON CONCRETE
IT ALL MEANS NOTHING TO ME . . .

Surrender. You're surrounded.

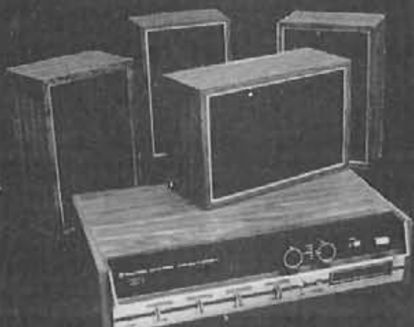


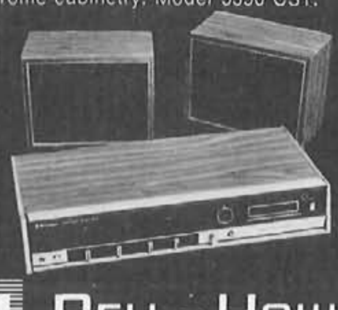
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BELL & HOWELL

continued from page 54
ally, to outweigh the more privileged pan. The working classes began to hallmark our culture: new folk-heroes emerged, and as each Niven or Neagle stepped back from the front rank, so a Beatle or a Stone would step forward to replace him; new business lions arose, and Etonians stepped down from boards upon which their families had sat for generations to make way for teen-age Cockney whiz kids; new leaders arose to replace the Macmillans and Lord Homes, and not merely in the ranks of the Labour Party: before the sixties were out, incredibly, the Conservatives came to be led by a man from a grammar school who dropped his aitches and whose father had earned his meager bread as a carpenter.

A working-class Nero

And, as these new people took over cultural power, so new aristocracies (such is our endemic way) were created, new hierarchies of working-class go-getters: hairdressers and photographers and dress designers and pop-group moguls and buggy-builders and boutiquiers. And it was they who created the Beautiful People from among their own peers, created the model girls and the Jaggers and the wonderful, wonderful interior decorators, who populated, in short, a fake Swinging London with fake London Swingers.

Because there was a lot of gold in them particular hills, upon whose slopes dwelt a newly rich class of teenagers who could be led to believe that by purchasing these clothes, and those wigs, and that op-art-sprayed Mini-Cooper over there they could all become images of their new idols.

And the curious thing was that you never really saw the idols anywhere; all you met, in a thousand mushroomed discotheques, and a thousand shoddy boutiques, and a thousand pop festivals, and a thousand bleak parties, were the imitations. The Beautiful People only really existed, it seemed, in the ads designed to encourage the Unbeautiful People to spend their bread in the hope of pulling an ugly duckling switch on callous Nature.

I woke up, it was a Chelsea evening.

Do not think I did not try to track the BP down in Swinging London, either; no one ever worked harder in pursuit of his private grail. I hunted for several expensive years, shored up through innumerable disappointments by my belief that it had to be my fault that I never found anyone or anywhere to match the scintillating landmarks of my swollen imagination and the verbose lies of *Time*. Like Richard II, I might with some justice have shrieked: "I wasted time, and now doth time waste me!" But I pressed on, convincing myself at each new fiasco that I had driven past the turning, no doubt, come to the wrong place, or the right place on the wrong night; or the Beautiful People had all just had an urgent call to Acapulco or Rio or someone's nuclear yacht; perhaps, I would murmur to my pock-marked partner as a sniffing waiter dumped something inedible in front of us from his flaming sword, this club Arrived last month and was on the way Out; or, as a tone-deaf trumpeter with a broken lip hacked his way through "Fascination" for the fifth time that evening, this was as yet only on the way In, and would Arrive next month. Maybe all these whey-faced nobodies were really Somebody after all, recognizable only to other Somebodies, and if I sat down with them, then a key would turn and a world swing open, and the decomposing skeleton of my old fantasies would suddenly be fleshed, and I'd get to dance with Julie Christie, and for once I wouldn't get home, drizzle-sopping, at 6:00 A.M. with a splitting headache from inferior booze, and mud on my trendy Lurex tuxedo where I fell down the ill-lit steps of some new and reputedly far-out cellar in which Paul McCartney was reported to have been seen only the night before, and a wallet lighter by nineteen-pounds-four-and-something due to my being unable to read a bill written in yellow ink on cream paper and nothing to see by except candlelight, and someone being sick on my shoe in the john.

Talkin' 'bout my ge . . . ge . . . ge . . . . . . ge

I went to Annabels, most illustrious and exclusive of the sixties night-haunts, whose membership was as impregnable as Fort Knox and reputedly more Beautiful than any in the world. And the small, dark dance floor was packed tight with tiny, walnut-faced businessmen leaning their wrinkles on the embonpoint of tall, wigged girls with pebble eyes. Sporadically, above this unswinging scene, the unmistakable head of a younger peer would bob like a marionette's, a mockery of bone structure, and cry, "I say, isn't that Sean Connery?" But it never was. I went to the Saddle Room and the Garrison and the Revolution and the Bag O' Nails, and they were all full of the conned and the imitating, all frugging themselves to sacroiliac perdition and wondering where it was that everyone else was getting laid.

And after about five years, and a lot of pointless hangovers, and a lot of unpayable gambling debts, and a spine that may never recover from the terpsichorean whims of that lunatic period, I looked at my thinning hair and I cut my losses and I married and we had kids, and it was pretty good, and we settled down.

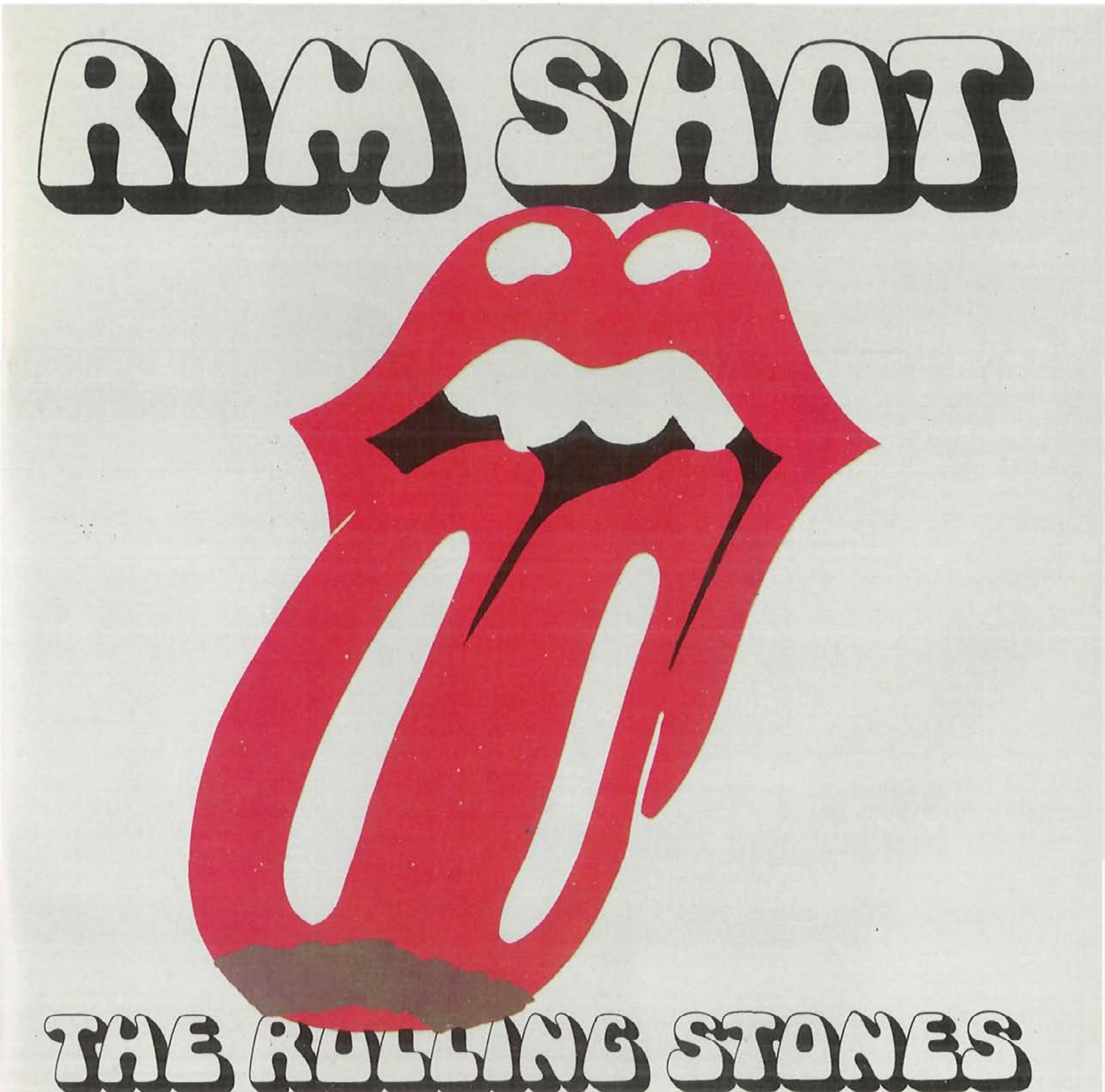
In the middle of London, naturally . . . just in case it does all happen, someday, just in case it does all get to swing. I'd like to be around for that; I have an investment to protect. After all, London owes me something.

And, by God, so does *Time*. □



"You're aggressive. I like that in a man."

One of
the most beautiful struggles
of the sixties was the unheralded but
intrepid battle by our counterculture heroes
against selling out to or being co-opted by the capitalist
pigs. Just ask Herbert Marcuse or any of the gang here at NatLamp.
Among the highlights of this struggle was Mick Jagger's steadfast
refusal to change the words of "Let's Spend the Night Together" for "The Ed
Sullivan Show," right up until the last minute. So it is as a tribute to the valor of that
Street-Fightin' Man that we proudly present this long-suppressed Stones album....




RIM SHOT
Front Side:
Dark Meat (P. J. O'Rourke)
Gay Rat (Rick Ballen)
Chocolate Speedway Boogie (Sean Kelly)
Under My Heel (Dean Latimer)
Back Side:
Exile on Forty-second Street (P. J. O'Rourke)
I Got the Reds (Rick Ballen)
Madonna Vomit (O'Donoghue-Kelly)
Flatulent Girl (Rick Ballen)
That's How Bad I Am (P. J. O'Rourke)
Produced by Sean Kelly
Album design: David Kaestle
Front cover illustration: Michael Gross
Photography: Steve Myers
A and R: Tony Hendra
GIMME SKELTER





Flatulent Girl

Waitin' for a girl who's got boogers in her nose
Waitin' for a girl who's got spiders on her clothes
Crotch beginnin' to decompose
Waitin' for a flatulent girl

Waitin' for a girl and she licks my dirty feet
Waitin' for a girl who's got hair on her teeth
She eats dog shit off the street
Waitin' for a flatulent girl

Waitin' for a girl who goes "poot" everywhere
Waitin' for a girl who's got insects in her hair
She's a model on Times Square
Waitin' for a flatulent girl

Gay Rat

I hear the lisping of your lips in my ear
I know you're a well-hung honey
But just 'cause I wear tights don't get the wrong idea
I'm no mincing fairy
My legs are quite hairy

I can see that you are going to persist
No, I don't like your new purse
You know I ball twenty girls every day
I'm no mincing fairy
My legs are quite hairy

Oh yeah, you're a gay rat
Oh no, don't do that
Oh yeah, you're a gay rat
Listen man, please don't do that
Not there! Down further . . .

Chocolate Speedway Boogie

Gonna sneak up from behind you
Gotta underhanded plan
Gonna turn your head around
Cause I'm a backdoor man
Like a doggie in a manger
Like a piggie at the trough
I know you hate it baby
That's what gets me off!
Gonna Boogie, Boogie Woogie.
Gonna Boogie up the staircase
Gonna Boogie down the door
Gonna Boogie where you haven't
Ever Boogied before!

I'm a tailgate driver for you
Gonna drive you round the bend
If you turn your back on me girl
Gonna get you in the end
I'm the toughest of the teddies
I'm the meanest of the freaks
Don't you think there's a place for me
In between the cheeks?
Gonna Boogie, Boogie Woogie.
Gonna Boogie in the bedroom
Gonna Boogie in the can
Till you know that you've been Boogied
By the Boogie Man!

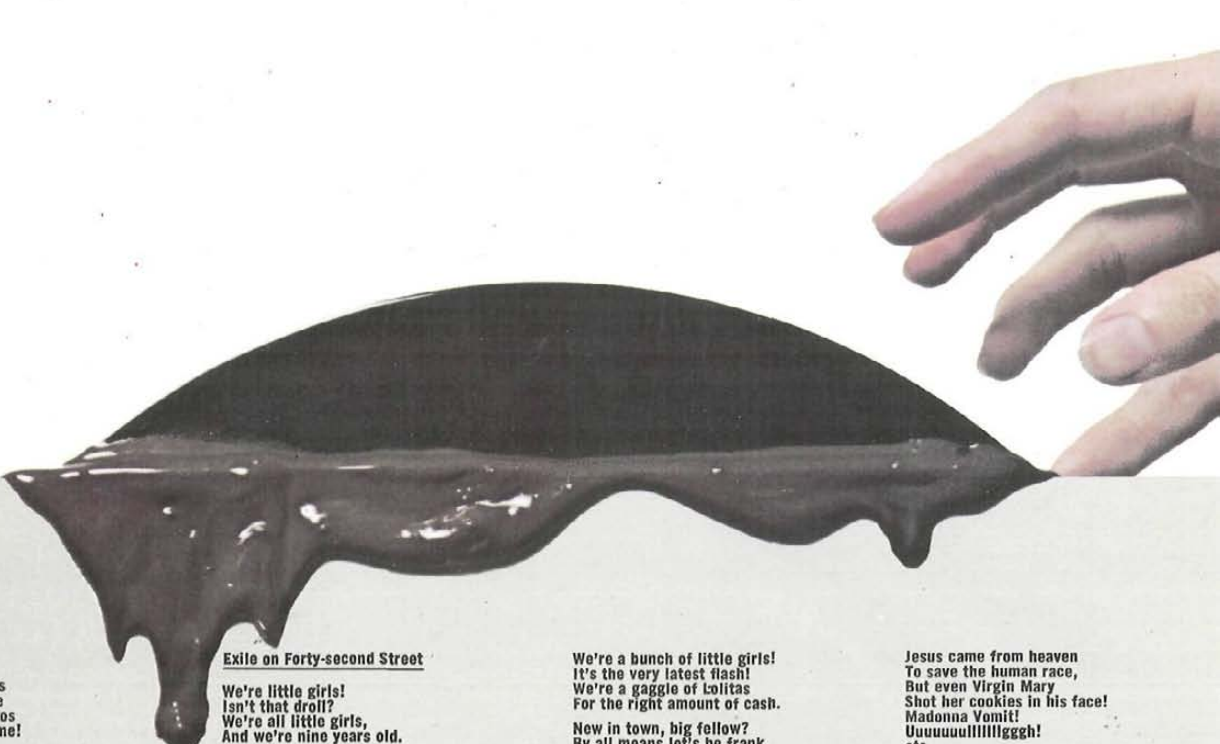
I Got the Reds

I stumble, I fall, I take five Seconal
Feeling mean and low
As I nod in my bed I take seven more reds
Feeling kind of slow

Every time I do a red
A hundred brain cells more are dead
In my head
And I've got the reds for sure
And I've got the reds for sure
And I'll kick your face in for sure
And if you don't believe what I'm saying
Motherfucker, I'll kick your face in
For sure

In the mouth of a chick who don't mind a limp wick
Gettin' me some head
I've forgotten my name and there's no one to blame
But these fucking reds

Every time . . . etc.



Dark Meat

I know you Negros
I know you're fine
I know you jigaboos
Do it in the daytime!

Dark meat!
Your body really rates.
Dark meat!
I bet you'll kiss on first date.

Come on colored girl,
I'll make you an upstairs made,
And while mother's playing bridge below,
I'll be trumping spades!

Dark meat!
I bet you do it great.
Dark meat!
Let's integrate.

Will you do it for a dollar?
Will you do it for two?
Will you do it the way the animals
Do it in the zoo?!

Dark meat!
Your rhythm's really crude.
Dark meat!
Do you do it in the nude?

Will you do those things,
That white girls never do?
Like let me step in your stomach,
With a high-heeled shoe?

Dark meat!
You'll do anything I please.
Dark meat!
Although you'll give me some disease.

I've taken a shine to you.
I respect your entire race.
I've taken a shine to you.
Sit on my face!

Dark meat!!!!

That's How Bad I Am

I'm bad news, baby,
I drive with my lights off in the fog.
I'm bad news, sister,
I don't curb my dog.
I don't brush my teeth.
When my aunt died
I didn't send a wreath.
I voted for Heath.
That's how bad I am!

Ahhhhhhhhhhh!! . . .
Rape and carnage!!
Ahhhhhhhhhhh!! . . .
I won't take out the garbage!!

I'm a shoplifter, baby,
I use my hand to blow my nose.
I'm a mean shoplifter, baby,
I get mud on my school clothes.
I drop litter on the ground.
I use the girls' rest room
When no one's around.
I make rude sounds.
That's how bad I am!

(refrain)

I'm a bad boy, honey,
I walk on the red.
I'm a bad, bad boy, honey,
I wet my bed.
I sass my mom.
I play with my thingy
And call it "Tom."
Got a hairy palm.
That's how bad I am!

(refrain)

Exile on Forty-second Street

We're little girls!
Isn't that droll?
We're all little girls,
And we're nine years old.

We take candy from strangers,
Take rides in strange cars,
And we might just go all the way,
If you're going all that far.

We go down for pennies.
We wear patent-leather shoes
So you can peek up our tunics
And see the good news.

We're a bunch of little girls!
Isn't that the rage?
And whenever it is that we grow up
We'd love to go onstage.

Standing at the intersection
In our sailor suits and pleats,
At thirty-five can you imagine
Looking half so sweet?

Would you like to take us boating?
Would you like to buy us treats?
Would you like to sniff our knickers
Or our tricycle seats?

We're a bunch of little girls!
It's the very latest flash!
We're a gaggle of Lolitas
For the right amount of cash.

New in town, big fellow?
By all means let's be frank
Me and the boys in the band here
Mince all the way to the bank!

Don't you ever get a yen to wear
Your girl-friend's Chanel suit?
And all five of us are married
We just do this to be cute.

Madonna Vomit

(sotto voce a capello)

(con brio)

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
His Mother blew her lunch
All over Baby Jesus' head!
Madonna Vomit!
Uuuuuuulllllllgggh!
Madonna Vomit!
Uuuuuuulllllllgggh!
Madonna Vomit!
Uuuuuuulllllllgggh!



Jesus came from heaven
To save the human race,
But even Virgin Mary
Shot her cookies in his face!
Madonna Vomit!
Uuuuuuulllllllgggh!
etc.

The seraphim are gathered
And the whole angelic squad
To see the Blessed Virgin
Flash the hash all over God!
Madonna Vomit!
Uuuuuuulllllllgggh!
etc.

A tender little tableau
The star shines down upon:
The Virgin treating Jesus
To a Technicolor yawn!
Madonna Vomit!
Uuuuuuulllllllgggh!
etc.

(sotto voce a capello)

The Boss
On the cross
Died,
Clyde.

Under My Heel

(Bianca's Song)

Under my heel
The rat who
Thinks he's such big stuff
Under my heel
The brat who
Likes to take it rough
He's under me, oh yeah
There's a difference in the clothes he wears
Under me
I make him kneel
Under my heel

Under my heel
The bum who's
Just a little twit
Under my heel
The scum who
Takes it where he sits
He's under me, oh yeah
He begs for British discipline
Under me
His last appeal
Under my heel

Under my heel, he's
So weak
He's putty in my hands
Under my heel, there's
No cheek
He bows to my commands
He's under me, oh yeah
His petticoat is disarranged
Under me
You should hear him squeal
Under my heel

He's under me, oh yeah
He begs for mercy, but he stays
Under me
I'm his evening meal, he's
Under my heel

Under my heel, with
Buns bared
He does just what I want
Under my heel, He's
More scared
Than he was at Altamont
He's under me, his spic chick
Watch him cringe when I crack the whip
Under me
It's his great ordeal
Under my heel

continued from page 72
hopin' yo' could teach us to talk wifout so many apostrophes.

TITANIA: Sho' nuff. An' also 'cause we watch you on telebishion each week an', as niggers, feel sympathetic to yo' plight.

DIMBLE (*wolfing down the food*): Well, I certainly do appreciate it. (*Shyly, yet sincerely.*) You know, I've never met persons of your ethnosexual category before, and, well, I just want to say that——

MARFA: We is okay in yo' book, huh, Doc? Hee hee, you sho' hab broadened yo' access to de common people in de las' twenny-fibe week.

DIMBLE: Yes, I suppose I have. But now what?

TITANIA: Well, Doc, San Francisco bein' a very media-oriented city, ah wouldn' go back outside 'til it dark. (*Takes his emptied plate and offers him a cigarette.*) So while you restin' up, whah don' you recap some of de highlight of yo' story so far an' we can get into some flashback.

DIMBLE: After the fatback, the flashback, eh? Well (*half closes eyes*) . . . if you've seen the show, you know that I was an orthodontist. Rather square, I suppose, but I was content with my calling and my growing practice. Then, last September, I went to Hank's bachelor party.

MARFA: Who wuz this Hank?

DIMBLE: Uh, Roddy McDowell, I think. Or maybe Jeffry Hunter. He was a dark, good-looking guy. . . .

TITANIA: Nebber min', Doc. Go haid wif de story.

DIMBLE: Well, first of all, I was pretty drunk by the time we got to the whorehouse. (*Begin blurring picture. Begin fading* DIMBLE'*s voice.*) I mean, it's not something they emphasize in the introduction, but I was so looped I could hardly see. Anyway, there I was and . . .

Fade up darkened whorehouse hall. DIMBLE *and his friends are full of drunken good cheer, being steered into rooms by whores.* DIMBLE *is reeling. Suddenly he is jostled into a door and stumbles through. Subjective camera blurrily shows a sexy whore in a bathrobe, seated on a bed. She gestures for* DIMBLE *to sit beside her, which he does, heavily. Then she is tugging off his pants and has fastened her mouth to his dong with the singlemindedness of an eros-crazed vacuum cleaner. Her bathrobe falls open and camera zooms to close-up of her chest. She has only one breast. Picture dissolves into whirlpool.*

Fade up present. TITANIA, MARFA, *and* ROSEMARIE *are listening intently.*

DIMBLE: In the morning, I woke up with this telephone pole growing

continued on page 93



by Michael O'Donoghue

MY LAI

Promise them anything but give them My Lai



LANVIN

the best perfumes Arabia has to offer

Purse size $3; Spray Mist $5; Toilet Water from $3; (plus tax)

Ron Rico. Isn't he the guy who was caught in the men's room with Walter Jenkins?



Sure, men love Ronrico.
But Ronrico's a rum.
Dry, smooth, and mellow.
Don't forget Ronrico
the next time you want
to blow somebody
...to a drink.



Ronrico. A rum to remember.

photograph by Larry Couzens



"What's that in the road a head?"

You're driving at night. Suddenly you round a corner and your headlights catch something in the road. It's a body . . . dismembered. As you come closer, you notice a car twisted around a pylon, pools of blood, and more bodies, the mangled victims of reckless driving. Sure, you pull over to the side and do what you can. You cover the dead and comfort the dying. You flag down a motorist to call the highway patrol. And when it's all over, you make a silent vow, a vow not to end up like that . . . a vow to drive safely.

But the next day you ignore a stop sign. Or you jump a light. Or you pass a slow-moving vehicle on a hill. Or you do any of a thousand hazardous and unthinking things that court disaster.

We at Mobil want you to keep that vow. In the months to come, we'll be running a series of auto-atrocity photos, each more gruesome than the last, to serve as not-so-gentle reminders.

Mobil

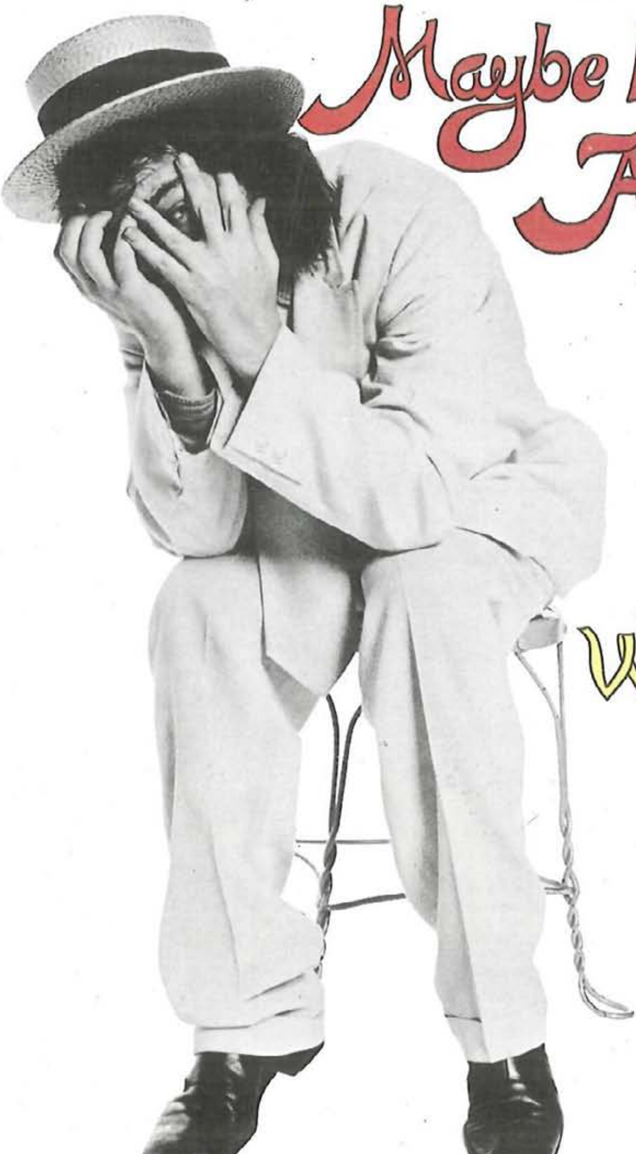
We want you to live.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Illustration by Warren Sattler

"Watts, Kalifornia." "Huh?" "Watts, Kalifornia." "Hhhuuuuuuuaah?" "Watts, Kalifreakingfornia, for Christ's Sake" "Oh, Yeah, Maybe It's As Far West As You Can Go Before You Get Your (Clap Clap) Wet, Yet!!;#*!"



No item is so insignificant that 43,000 words couldn't . . . well, you figure it out.

by Brian McConnachie

Da da da da Dot (pause pause) Da da da da Dot (beat beat) Doot de dadeda dadah dot de da dot Doot de dadeda delee dot delee dot do DADA dan de dan boom de dit dit dot boom bam boom toot toot. Watts. Da da da da Dot (bang crash) Da da da da Dot (smash bam) Doot de dadeda dadah dot de da dot BAM dede dot CRASH SMASH dede doom KER–BLUEE-EEEEE ping ping ratdedah de da de dahdeah BANG CRASH SMASH pop BOOM lat de dah de dah BLAM BLAM tha-BOOOOOMMMMM dodedoe bop bop banG why you crASH Boom-a-lack-a Boom-a-lack-a Boom-a Boom-a-lack-a BOOM la la lah poc pOC Minnesota oranges ping poc ping Texas taxes pop boc ting We'll burn this town just for pratice krrUMPH riiiip PHLuuuEEEEEEE depocITA depOCita dePociTA BLANG fa-LOOOOOOOMMMMMM. . . . . . Ba-BAbabABOOOOOMMMMM EEE AAA EEE AAA EEE AAA Whoom crash fart theK arfarfarfarf DONK piNG Baarroomm VA VLOOOOOO-OOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM BOC SSSSSSSSsssssssssssssSSSS-SSSSSS VIT KER BLOUGGGGGG-GGGHHHHHHHHHHHR zip zat pocpoc bweeeeeee POWPOWPOW-POWPOWPOW OMIGOD gggrrrr-rrrr barkbark arfarfbark BA BOOMM zzzZZZZZtttTTT BLANG BLANG dePoCiTa crash bang BAATAAH BOOTAHA DANGONG-GOON OO-OPHCLUMPH (a steamer trunk falling down a flight of stairs) Dum da dum da diddlie dum C L O O O O O-I I I I E E E E GLUMPH tic GLUMPH tic GLUMPH tic (a man with one peg leg like Ahab had) riiii-iiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnggg . . . . riiiiiiiiiinnnnnnngggg (telephone) chuga-ita chuga-ita chu-GA-ITA CHUGA-ITA CHUGA-ITA CHUga-ita chuga-ita (stereo record of a railroad train) Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn (advertising agency) crash bang smash boom clink bop bash . . . and Governor Pat Brown is vacationing in Greece . . . pleasant spot!

Pat's drinking ouzo out of a nipple-tan conch shell. "What is this stuff?" Marilyn looks up from staring at her hands. "You know what, sugar? Your name sounds like a cookbook instruction: 'Pat brown until a thin crust forms.'" Pat numbs his throat, emptying the rest of the ouzo down and puts the shell to his ear. PIRATES. Pat thinks he hears pirates. Maybe something's gone blueee-yy at home. Pat looks like he needs some cheering up. Marilyn stands up and yoo-hoos him. "You want to see me do my female impersonation? You've only seen me do it once."

Marilyn, of course, is a female, but she does a female impersonation. She moves her hips a great deal, wets her pinky and runs it along her eyebrows . . . cute. Bats her eyes like a strobe light and points at things palm up. She has it all down. It's easy. Anybody can do it but . . . Marilyn, well, she's the only *girl* that does it. Pat's not catching a bit of this . . . he keeps hearing unsympathetic pirate talk in that goofy conch shell. "Oh, DdddAA-AAAAAAAA-ling, you're not watching a bit of my DE-VIIIIIne performance. Pay attention, pay attention, you cad." Maybe it would be better if Marilyn did *specific* female imitations like Marlene Deitrich or Emmanuelle Riva instead of this aggregate.

Pat's intuitive about trouble. This little harbinger crew in the shell is trying to tell him something and Marilyn over there is beginning to drown them out. Picking up his communications, he walks over to the rail of the terrace. Nice wood! His Vero-Cal belt buckle clicks against it as he begins to concentrate. "Watch me smoke a pretend cigarette, dumplin'. This is how a woman smokes a cigarette." Over comes Marilyn, long strides pitching and wafting and yawing and bunting into the rail of nice wood. And blows a big puff of imaginary silvery smoke in sugar's face. "That's good, Marilyn. Why don't you go into the hotel and get us both some cigarettes and order us another round of drinks." *Il faut cultiver nos jardins.*

He and California are like the Corsican Brothers. When California is being hurt, Pat feels the lashes. Californian born, Californian bred, and when I die, I'll be a Californian dead!! Humble beginnings breeds this. So it's understandable that Pat feels a little antsy right about now because a lion's share of Watts is doing a replay of what Alexandria got famous for. But he can't seem to put his finger on it. Dock strikes? Earthquakes? Ah . . . Okies . . . ah . . . Caryl Chessmans . . . the wine crop . . . all vague. Pat would put in a seventy-four-dollar phone call but everybody would be asleep and talk jibberish, but besides that, it'll come, it'll come.

Seventy-four dollars away in Watts, twenty square blocks are on fire. The flames are red and yellow and rise into grayish black smoke. The wooden buildings keep collapsing and it's terrible!!! There is so much smoke around that you can't see all the other colors. Just the red, yellow, gray, and black. A person in a white shirt here and there, but mainly it's just those colors. But something else is happening. There's a chant. It goes BURN, BABY, BURN . . . ALLITERATION. Fanfarkingtastic. Their own hymn of social sacrifice. BURN, BABY, BURN rhyme and all. Not bad considering all of World War I produced only six decent songs and four poems! And this is only their second night. BURNBABYBURNBABYBURN. Two more choruses. A New Year's resolution. They've put a torch to the old one. This paean's caught on. Nine-year-old drunks are singing right along. Burning down their own town set to their own music. BURN, BABY, BURN. And saying "baby" in there is just the right touch of hyperbole, or is it friendly cynicism or maybe expediency? A baby is a lovely hug . . . no one here is burning babies, of course, but to say BURN, BUILDING, BURN is a little too stilted. Who CARES for God's sake, it works!!!

It's fourth-century Cyprus all over again. *Ubi nihil vales, ibi nihil velis.* Not this time. That World War II cake is still to be sliced. New money breeds new cultures. New traditions. It went without saying the first-born son, when he was of age, went to jail, the second danced and shuffled and hung around, and the next four played the vibes. The two following them worked in the button factory, the next joined the military and served with distinction, and the last was hit by a furniture truck. Locked in to this as they were, burning your way out isn't too bad an idea. And with a "baby" and another "burn." Too MucH. It's being done with style. At last!

This thing is beginning to haunt Pat. He keeps looking down at his Zorrie sandles and waving his toes. Is it that the Dodgers are going to lose the pennant? Maybe it's that sneaky Nixon up to something . . . probably writing a book. What about Yorty, where's Yorty for God's sake? . . .

"I'm back, dumplin'. And your drink's here." Nobody asked her to, but Marilyn has gone and changed her dress. From her Dacron zip-front double-knit alligator-insigniaed navy-

continued

emerald-green size ten to her David Crystal ribbed neckline reversible tie-sash wrinkle-proof washable mesh-weave triple-monogram size sixteen. It fits like a cassock but Marilyn's been thinking of including fat-female impersonations in her act.

Pat turns around and stares at honeybunch like she was a fireplace or sea view. Transfixed. Incapsulated process . . . what the hell is it? Maybe it's just an Alaskan earthquake and we're getting a little too sensitive with these vibrations. His eyes fix on the ouzo-filled conch. Shall we give those pirates another listen? Pat forgets the empty shell he has with him and walks over to the filled one. He never takes his eyes off of it. Locked-in rays from his 20-30 eye bulbs. He sits down and picks up the shell like he was answering a phone. Reception, please hold all calls, we're going into conference here. Looking at Pat, Marilyn begins wondering why he wants to pour it in his ear instead of drink it. This water-colored juice is flowing down the jugular route and satiating his Mr. Timmy shirt, turning it the shade of palm wine. Pat's aware that something is happening, but he tends to believe it's psychic. A specter grin begins pinching at his lip corners. Taking the unintended cue, Marilyn smiles and pats the top of Pat's hand. "That's funny, darlin', I want to try that. But I'll do it as a fat woman . . . a fat woman who pours a drink down the side of her head." It finally dawns on Pat. Jesus. All over him! This is supposed to be a vacation. What a stinking vacation!!! Who needs this sort of crap?

Maybe the man who has a little of everything needs this sort of crap, Pat. Someone who is . . . well, George Plimpton, of course. George is running along with the jam in Watts. Running along and tagging along, mostly tagging along. George went a little overboard on the makeup to keep his identity hush. His charcoal face and marshmallow lips make him look like he was sired by Buckwheat out of Emmett Kelly. George is having a bit of trouble keeping up with the crowd because they have him carrying chunks of pavement, which they earlier had him rip up. Every once in a while, though, they give him a break and let him try his hand at throwing a brick. George throws a brick like a girl and they all keep yelling at him "Spread your legs more keep your head straight other elbow tucked into the waist follow through watch the follow-through hold the stance!!!"

Then they all laugh like hell except the guy he manages to konk. Then there's George's pie-eating grin, and he dashes back to pick up his chunk of asphalt and wait smiling puppy-dog-style till Team A decides to go on the run again. George isn't exactly sure why he's carrying this, but if he plays his cards right, he'll have plenty of time to think about it later. As soon as George graduates bricks he hopes to go into this BURN, BABY, BURN business. . . . There it is again, beautiful. The *trés* penny opera flaming theatre onomatopoeic hoedown crackling away that unfortunately can't be seen too clearly through all that goddamn smoke!

George, George. Where's George? George has run on ahead to tell his new pals a joke he knows. Be careful, George.

"I don'ts know if'n yous-all had ebba heard this'n. What's da one thin yous gotta remembah when you is habben sexual intercourse [God, George] wif a female go-rillah?"

"What?"

"She's not ready until you is."

"Huh?"

"Oh, excuse me. I meant to say . . . ah . . . I dun said de wrong answeah. De right answeah is 'You is not done until she is.' HEE HEE."

George is pointed in the direction of his ceeeement luggage, around which is now standing a lurching, laughing, leering band of drunk children. They've had their little pink eyes fixed on George for a while now. George is sort of . . . well, you know . . . how shall we say . . . this image of . . . very, ah, circusy. Children will always be drawn to this, even during 175-million-dollar riots. They back up to give George plenty of room. They stagger along behind him for a while wondering about the asphalt. A few of them start shouting out suggestions. These kids are really cute, their soprano voices slurring out mischievous nonsense. George is having trouble making ish bish dish fish gish out until a couple of these pygmy boogeymen run on ahead and begin pointing to the Mr. Saturday Nite clothier. They want George to liberate the cotton-velvet single-breasted peaked-lapeled purple jump-jackets with matching shirts, ties, and trousers, which retail for under $125. George finally gets the hint and goes into a jog, hoping to build up enough momentum so that he can just drop off and the hunk of asphalt will keep on traveling. And here he comes . . . winding down on it huffing puffing straining grunting lining it up . . . only one chance, the kids are so counting on this . . . here it is closer . . . make sure you let go, George, don't go through the window with it . . . step step DIVE . . . KA ZAAAKRRRRR-RRAAAAAAAAASSSSHHhhhh. He did it. George did it. George begins screaming out "RIGHT ARM RIGHT ARM." A half-conscious mini-drunk tugs on George's sleeve and trys to set him straight. "Fight on FIGHT ON FIGHT ON FIGHT ON FIGHT," screams enlightened George.

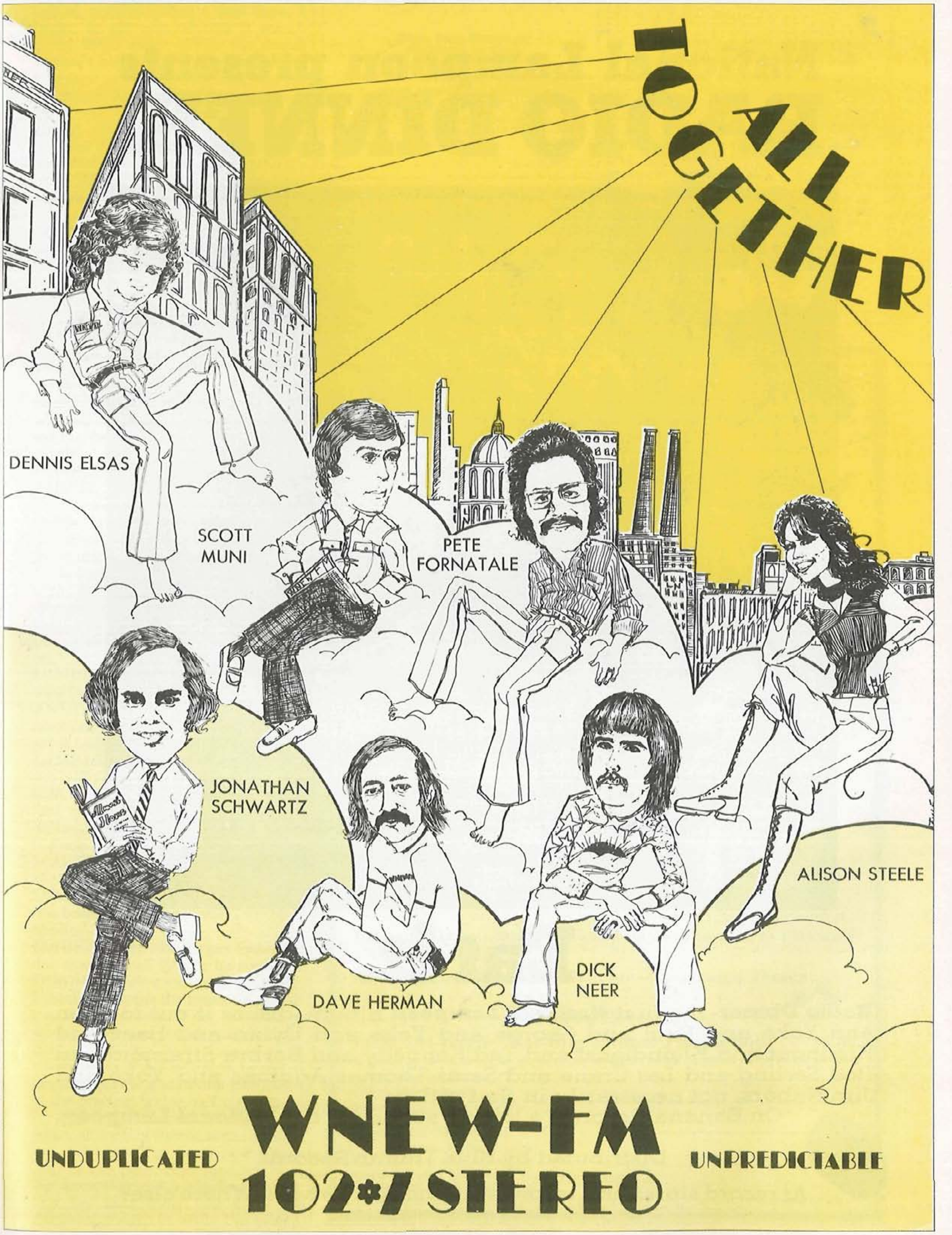
The sirens are now making this all official. Everybody out of bed, slap yourselves awake . . . THIS IS IT, GODDAMNIT. The Third Estate cordially invites you to attend the raising of an issue. And a block here and there cal-eee cal-aaa.

In case anyone is keeping count, this is Pat Brown's first real vacation in quite a while, because you really can't count those junkets to Paris, Cannes, Monaco, and Casablanca, because those were fact-finding missions to find out . . . well, all you could and . . . of course not to forget mass transit. But this time it's really a vacation. Pat doesn't have to see a soul. He's supposed to be really relaxing but this . . . this *je ne sais quoi* is really booting things up. Pat Brown is truly the governor and not for one minute is he able to forget it. Marilyn. Sit down, Marilyn. Marilyn stands up and announces that this is what a fat female waitress working the Greek restaurants for the summer looks like. Pat lowers his eyes and decides to give the pirates another try. But he just hears the sea this time, big breakers folding over the sand, chasing, then beckoning sandpipers along her shoreline. No sign no warnings an empty calm sea bare of prophets, the vain blue horizon unbroken by any objects.

They've come and gone and don't wait around. Marilyn is clumping around the table knocking into Pat. Fat people are too fat to bend their joints, figures Marilyn, so she's doing a female Frankenstein, mumbling the names of soups. Pat squeezes his eyes tighter shut and pans the distance for any traces that they must be out there.

The hotel desk gets a long-distance for Pat. The captain goes out to get him, but sees him there with his eyes squeezed shut and his ear in a conch shell and this . . . woman, this lady with her joints locked cheeks ballooned out doing the scarecrow walk around the table. . . . Well, it *is* their vacation, and whoever it is, they'll call back.

Da da da da Dot (beat beat) Da da da da dot (bang smash) Doot de do DOT de da dot de da dot Doot de do de da dot de da Doot Crash smash de do de do fart BOOM BOOM Krrr-rrUMPH baggoooooph neg POC poC pOC POC TheeeeWACK bang pang Ark Da da da da dot (wack crumph) da da da da dot ping bic da da da da dot mumph ta de de de pop poot clink tinc nng op teet pinc o gg tt m ssss blump! □



ALL TOGETHER
DENNIS ELSAS
SCOTT MUNI
PETE FORNATALE
JONATHAN SCHWARTZ
DAVE HERMAN
DICK NEER
ALISON STEELE
UNDUPLICATED
WNEW-FM
102.7 STEREO
UNPREDICTABLE

National Lampoon presents RADIO DINNER.



Eat it.

Radio Dinner—the first **National Lampoon** album—dishes it out to John and Yoko and Paul and George and Yoko and Dylan and Baez and Kissinger and Kleindienst and Ted Kennedy and Barbra Streisand and Rod Serling and Les Crane and Saint Thomas Aquinas and Yoko and Jim Nabors, not necessarily in that order.

On Banana Records, a leisure service of the **National Lampoon.**

Distributed by Blue Thumb Records

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At record stores and record sections everywhere. Where else?

AVAILABLE ON AMPEX STEREO TAPES

continued from page 83

out of my lap. After a few days, I began to get worried that it wasn't going to go away. When the doctor couldn't help me, I really got scared. But then my friend Freeman told me to go see Annie the Witch. She's a chick who lives in a cave in Central Park. . . .

Voice fades. Picture blurs and re-forms to show DIMBLE *in* ANNIE'S *cave. She is mumbling incantations and casting colored powders into a fire in a small brazier.*

DIMBLE: Annie, it's been awful. Women keep grabbing it. I have to wear a raincoat all the time and my patients are starting to wonder. Not to mention the problem of peeing. . . .

ANNIE: The problem of peeing?

DIMBLE: I told you not to mention that! But as long as you did, I'll tell you that it involves standing on my head, which is absurd in public men's rooms. I'd give anything to——

ANNIE (*turning abruptly*): Your sex life, before your tsuris began. Was it full?

DIMBLE: Oh, well, you know. . . .

ANNIE: Bupkiss for a sex life. (*Turns back to brazier.*) Talk to me, flames. (*Hurls a new powder in. The fire flares, exuding a smoke that forms itself into a single large breast. She turns back to* DIMBLE *and fixes him with her gaze.*) The one-breasted woman! You will keep your hard-on until you find her. It is what we in the profession call a "hard-on-and-on."

DIMBLE: Uh, what if I just fucked somebody?

ANNIE: Ah! You might lose your erection, yes, but you also might never get it back . . . ever!

DIMBLE: Ever?

ANNIE: Ever. You must have sex with no other living person until you find the one-breasted woman. Five dollars, please.

Fade back to present. TITANIA, MARFA, *and* ROSEMARIE *are shaking their heads sympathetically.*

DIMBLE: So I set out to find the one-breasted woman, and I've been chasing her ever since.

MARFA: Well, who dis gay lootenant dat chasin' you? Where he come in?

DIMBLE: He's a sorehead, basically. I think he resents the masculinity cult that's formed around me. He used to work for the vice squad, raiding dirty movies and strip shows dressed up as a woman. Lt. Phyllis Girard, he called himself. Sort of a standing joke down at the precinct house, as I understand it. Anyway, as I started getting famous, all sorts of stories began spreading about me. You know how it is—stop at one poor, Southwestern mining town, befriend a Mexican family, and the next thing you know the daughter sneaks in while I'm asleep,

continued

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continued

sits on my dong, and all of a sudden I'm being chased by a lynch mob.

ROSEMARIE: Yeah, ah remember dat show.

DIMBLE: Well, Girard decided I was some kind of mad rapist, and he started following me all over the country. With him dressed as a woman, I sometimes don't see him until it's too late.

TITANIA: So you's had some close calls, den. How 'bout some flashback of dem?

DIMBLE: Sho'. I mean, sure. Three times he almost had me. . . .

Fade to past. DIMBLE *is strolling along carnival midway. Girl in kissing booth suddenly rips off wig, flashes badge, and grabs him.* DIMBLE *pulls free, leaving his nondescript jacket in* GIRARD*'s hands, and escapes into the crowd.*

Fade to DIMBLE *as department store Santa Claus. The little girl sitting in his lap abruptly snaps handcuffs onto him and laughs in triumph. But* DIMBLE *jams his beard with both hands into* GIRARD*'s open mouth and flees, sending several shoppers sprawling.*

Fade to center ring of a circus and DIMBLE *working as net holder for the high-wire artist. She suddenly falls, bounds from net, and grabs him by the penis, holding out badge with other hand. But at that moment a crazed elephant who was part of a subplot runs amok, collapsing the bleachers, and people fall shrieking beneath its mighty feet. In the confusion,* DIMBLE *escapes again.*

Fade to present.

MARFA: Where dis Girard cat now?

DIMBLE: I lost him two shows ago. Hopefully, he's far, far away.

Camera leaves DIMBLE, *moves to window, looks out.*

Sudden, ominous brass.

In the street below, standing before the gay bar, is LIEUTENANT GIRARD. *He wears a miniskirt, ribbed sweater, and granny glasses, and is looking sharply about.*

Fade to black.

Fade up on a man's back ascending a dingy tenement stair. The words "Act II" appear and fade. The man reaches a door and knocks sharply.

Cut to inside. DIMBLE, *amidst the three Negresses, freezes in fear, darts helpless glances about the room.*

TITANIA: Lie back, honey. (*Pushes him down on bed, then flips bed up into the wall. It is a Murphy bed!*)

MARFA: Who dat knockin'?

VOICE: Ees me, Pancho.

The women exchange glances and relax. ROSEMARIE *opens the door. A fat Chicano steps in, laughing and shaking his head.*

PANCHO: Joo not gonna *beleeeve* thees, gorls. Over 'cross the street, a' the Thrustin' Knocker? They hire thees new gorl to dance dere, an' guess wha'? She got only whun teet!

THE NEGRESSES: What???

PANCHO: Chure, tha's right. Smack in the meedle of her chess! She sweeng eet all aroun'. Everybody *looooook.* (*Does impression of spectator staring in stupefaction.*)

TITANIA (*aside*): Well, ah guess that sho' nuff get tonight's show off an' runnin'.

PANCHO: Wha' joo mean?

TITANIA: Oh, nebber you min', Pancho. You jus' a minor characker. Now git back downstair. Who mixin' drink while you up here? We see you later, when we on duty.

PANCHO: Hokay. (*Starts to exit but stops at door.*) Hey, by the way, how come therse a cop hangin' aroun' outside?

THE NEGRESSES: A cop???

PANCHO: Chure, all dress op like heepie gorl. He look *muy* rideeculous.

The Murphy bed begins to tremble noisily. As soon as PANCHO *has exited, the three women hasten to pull the bed back down.* DIMBLE, *disheveled, sits up unsteadily.*

MARFA: You hear dat shit, Doc?

DIMBLE: I heard it. (*Looks about with an anxiety that is sensitive yet masculine.*) Listen, you've all been very kind, but I think I better leave now. That'll be Girard for sure, and he doesn't like swart, thick-lipped people any better than he likes me. I don't want to bring harm to you.

TITANIA: Shee-it, Doc, we nigger got to stick together. C'mon, girls, we gwine walk Doc Dimble into de Thrustin' Knocker right in front of dat cop's nose.

Sudden bongos.

Like matriarchal linebackers, the three women advance on DIMBLE *and crush him in a chocolate triangle, smothering his panicky cry of dismay. In this fashion, they carry him from the flat, down the stairs, and into the street, frowning with great purpose. Passersby scatter as if before a rhinoceros.* LIEUTENANT GIRARD, *startled yet bigoted, sneers uncertainly and returns to his surveillance of the bar, which a neon sign identifies as* "Le Meat Raque."

Cut to an inner lobby of the Thrusting Knocker. The women have set DIMBLE *down before a wall-sized photomontage of women with enormous breasts.*

MARFA (*surveying the montage*): Oh, dem watermelons!

TITANIA: Marfa, you might pay less attention to de video directions an' knock off de cinematic in-jokes an' git down on this. Doc Dimble in *trouble.*

MARFA *looks properly abashed.*

At this moment, two unctuous individuals with oiled hair strands combed across their bald spots enter the club and hang their coats on DIMBLE's *penis.* DIMBLE, *looking wiped out, doesn't notice, but* ROSEMARIE, *as soon as the two men have walked off screen, takes the coats and begins searching pockets.*

TITANIA: Now, listen, Doc. We can' be much he'p to you in dis place. It owned by a different mob. But de wimmin's dressin' rooms is back of dat door. Okay, girls, le's——

ROSEMARIE: Hey, Titania, lissen to dis. (*She reads a publicity handout she has found in a pocket.*) "De fabulous Miz Unisphere. 'Whut de soun' of one breas' clappin'?'" An' they's a pickshure. . . .

DIMBLE: Let me see. (*Takes handout.*) It's her! This is the first time I've seen her in twenty-five shows!

Abruptly, two Mafia soldiers enter and shoulder through DIMBLE *and the Negresses, scattering them.*

FIRST MAFIA SOLDIER: 'Scuse-a me.

SECOND MAFIA SOLDIER: Beg-a you pardon.

TITANIA (*recovering her aplomb and looking about*): Doc Dimble! He gone!

MARFA: Hab mercy! Ain' no big-eared orthodontist yet done been kidnap by Antonio "Three Testes" Abalone an' come back alive!

The three women break into a spontaneous rendition of "Flown Is the Bluebird, Into the Mouth of the Lord." *Mournfully, they shuffle from the strip-club lounge.*

Fade to black.

Open on Mafia punk leaning against wall of a sumptuous office. He is cleaning his fingernails with a stiletto. The words "Act III" appear and fade. Pull back to see DIMBLE *seated unhappily in large leather armchair before the desk of* ABALONE, *a middle-aged, bad-assed, cigar-chewing gangster.*

DIMBLE: Why are you scaring me? What do you want?

ABALONE: Well, I no want-a you cock, 'at's-a for sure!

The punk with the stiletto snickers.

ABALONE: Shut up-a. (*The punk silences instantly.*) Okay. (*Turns to* DIMBLE.) Now, Doc, you a reasonable man-a. You know what happens-a to the people who get involved-a with you on-a you show. They have-a identity crisises. Fine-a. All-a we want is that you should stay away from Miss Unisphere. We got-a lots of money behind-a her and she don't-a need no identity crisises.

DIMBLE: But if you've seen my show, then you know that without the one-breasted woman I'll *never* get rid of this boner! I'll get stuck in syndication for years, repeating the same futile gestures week after week. You know the kind of Nielsens I get.

ABALONE: We all got-a problems, Doc. I deal-a with mine, you deal-a with yours. "The road, she's-a long an'-a hard. . . ."

DIMBLE: And so am I, Abalone. Look!

He stands and drops his pants. His erection leaps forth, huge, red, and swollen, a Nike-Zeus among penises.

PUNK: Jeez.

ABALONE (*expelling breath*): Well, that's-a some salami, Doc. I gotta say, you've impressed me. Also, I trust-a you ears. You got fifteen minutes with her. But spoil-a her hole, we make-a you dead.

DIMBLE (*tensely*): Understood.

ABALONE: Nails, take Dr. Dimble down to Wanda's dressin' room.

NAILS: Sure, Boss.

NAILS *leads* DIMBLE *down a flight of stairs to a corridor of many doors. One of them has a tarnished gilt star on it.* NAILS *gestures* DIMBLE *in. But when he enters, he finds not one, but two, women: the long-sought one-breasted one and a pert brunette with her back to camera.*

DIMBLE: Excuse me, Miss Unisphere, I wonder if I could——

BRUNETTE (*turning*): Dimble!

DIMBLE: Girard!

Timpani ba-boom.

Fade to black.

Fade up on close-up of GIRARD. *His love-generation makeup is all smeared and clashes horribly with the metal of his teeth. He holds a pistol. The words "Act IV" appear and fade.*

Pull back to see DIMBLE *in a chair, facing* GIRARD. *Between them is* MISS UNISPHERE. *Her open bathrobe reveals one desultory breast hanging from the middle of her chest.*

DIMBLE: Then I was an experiment, a guinea pig?

GIRARD (*wiping nose with sleeve*): Wrong, Dimble, you were an accident. You were so drunk that before anyone could stop you, you stumbled into the wrong room. Naturally, Linda 7 did what she was designed to do—got you hard as a rock, then injected you with petrificant chemicals from her fingernails. Unfortunately, I hadn't been cast as Girard yet, or I would have intercepted you before you ever left the building. As it was, you got famous. I knew it was only a matter of time until you'd be induced into a flashback about the "one-breasted woman." I didn't want that to happen, Dimble. The time is not yet nigh for the world to learn of my hidden hive of android women.

DIMBLE: You fiend! And when *will*

continued

continued

the time be nigh?

GIRARD: Next September, Dimble, in *your* time slot.

DIMBLE: You mean?...

GIRARD: That's right, Dimble: You've been canceled.

DIMBLE: But my Nielsens...

GIRARD: Fuck your Nielsens. It's your Audience Profile that's the problem. You attract kooks and paranoids who don't respond correctly to advertising. You're a washout, Dimble. Well, you've got only a few minutes of prime time left. I'll leave you to make the most of it. (*Stands.* LINDA 7 *takes his arm and they exit.*)

DIMBLE (*looking into camera*): Gee. (*Glances at watch.*) Maybe I ought to make a statement about the war in Vietnam. The way I see it . . . hey! (*Abruptly glances at groin, then leaps to his feet and runs through the door.*) Girard, wait a minute! I've still got my boner! Wait a minute, God damn it! How do I get rid of this thing?

DIMBLE *rushes after* GIRARD. *He bursts through a curtain of beads, into the smoky interior of the club. A show is in progress. Before a magic lantern, a large-breasted woman is exciting her nipples with shaved ice so that the dramatic hardening of her aureoles is projected onto screens all about the room.* DIMBLE *pushes through the crowd.*

Suddenly, one of the unctuous men from Act II walks to the microphone. With a wave of his hand, he halts the show.

UNCTUOUS MAN: Pardon me for interrupting your evening of entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, but I feel that I should announce that, against my will, my brother Moe has just disseminated LSD vapor through the air-conditioning system. (*Looks down at watch. Looks back up.*) You are now tripping. (*His head turns into a cantaloupe.*)

Cut to DIMBLE, *still trying to catch* GIRARD. *His face is distorted by a wide-angle lens. Suddenly, an electric blue* RACCOON *leaps in front of him, its ample breasts bouncing unabashedly beneath its Berkeley sweat shirt.*

RACCOON: You're Dr. Richard Dimble! Dolores, look, it's Hard Dickie!

A mauve CHICKEN *enters, stands beside* RACCOON.

CHICKEN: Oh, wow! Angie, you're right! Hey, Doc, lemme sit on your stork, huh?

Several cameramen and technicians stagger into view, waving bottles of whiskey. One turns to DIMBLE.

TECHNICIAN: Thirty seconds, Janssen. It's now or never.

DIMBLE. Good Lord! I'm going to have to do it myself!

DIMBLE *rips open pants, grabs cock, and begins pulling his pud.*

RACCOON: Oh, wow!

CHICKEN: I don't *believe* it. . . .

TECHNICIAN: Five seconds, Dimble.

DIMBLE: Unh . . . unh . . . AARGH!

An abrupt jet of thin custard strikes camera lens.

Fade to black.

Fade up on DIMBLE *walking carefreely along an autumnal, small-town street. The word "Epilogue" appears and fades.*

ANNOUNCER: Yes, Richard Dimble, to your chagrin, your road has ended tonight. For the first time in six months you can appear in public without fear of molestation, your penis curled comfortably in its proper pouch in your underpants. The nightmare has ended. And when they tell you, Richard Dimble, that the final segment of your series was a cop-out, tell them they ought to try the last show of "The Fugitive." If they still aren't satisfied, remind them that television was ever a cock-tease.

Swelling violins.

DIMBLE *walks up a path, into a comfy small-town home. The door closes behind him.* □

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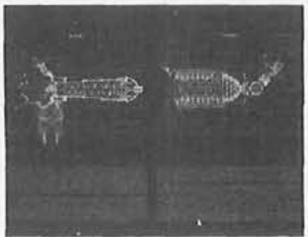
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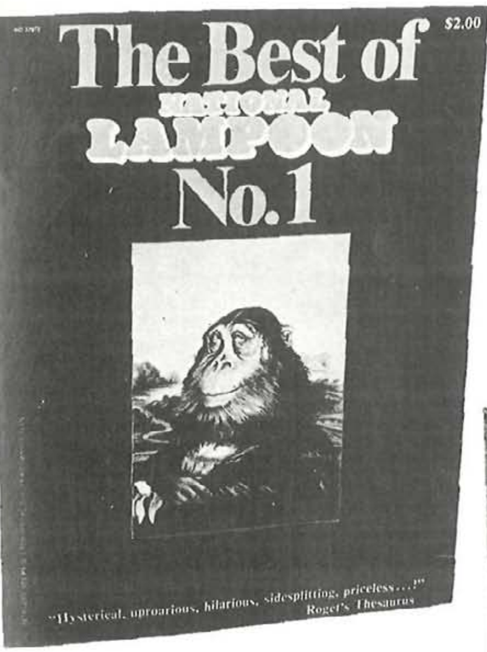
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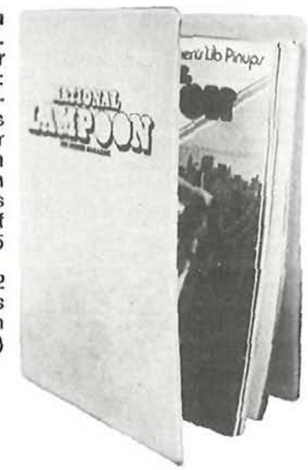


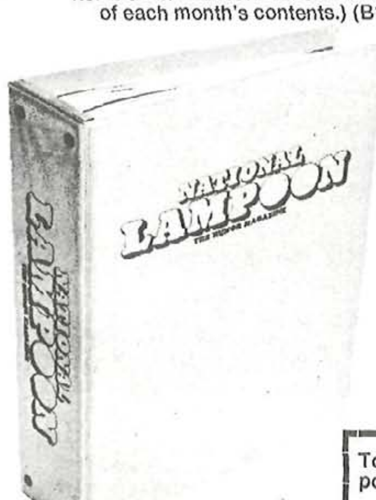
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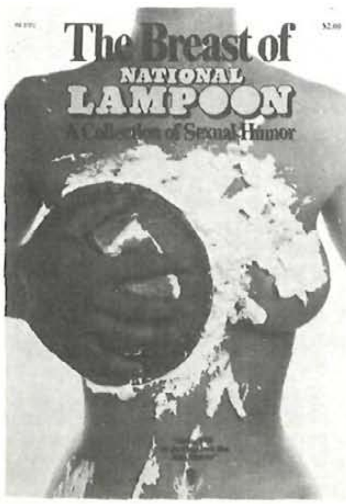
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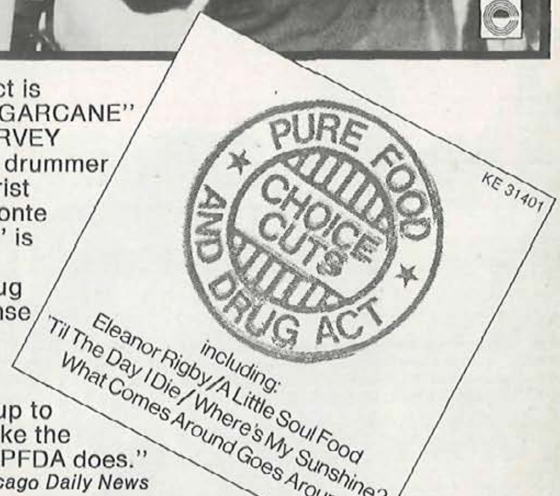


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A selection of pornographic humor from the *National Lampoon.* (BR1020)

"Say...Bwana Mandel! What it is, this 'Choice Cuts' album our sons recorded back in the States?"

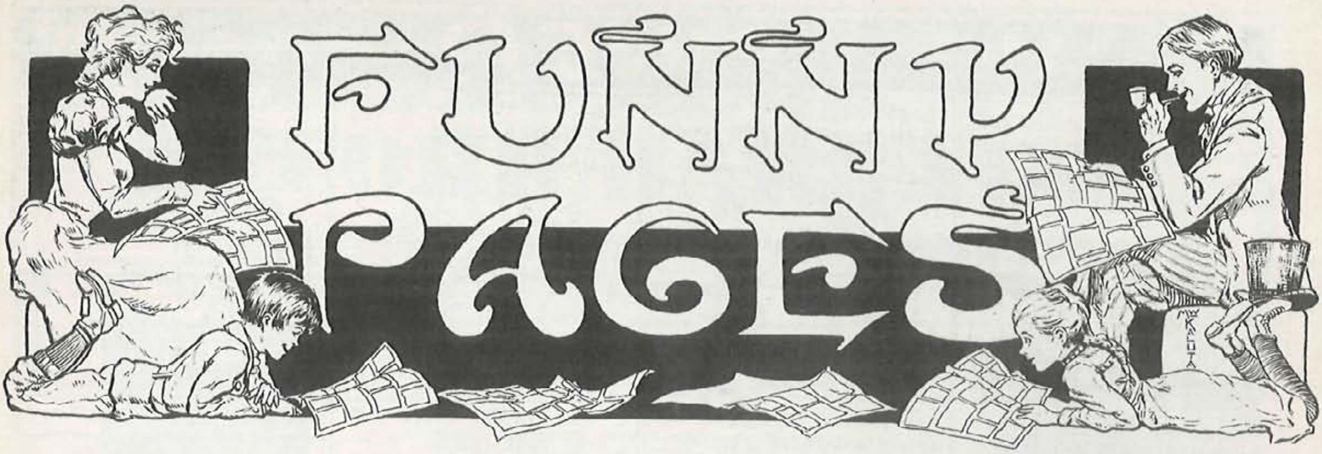




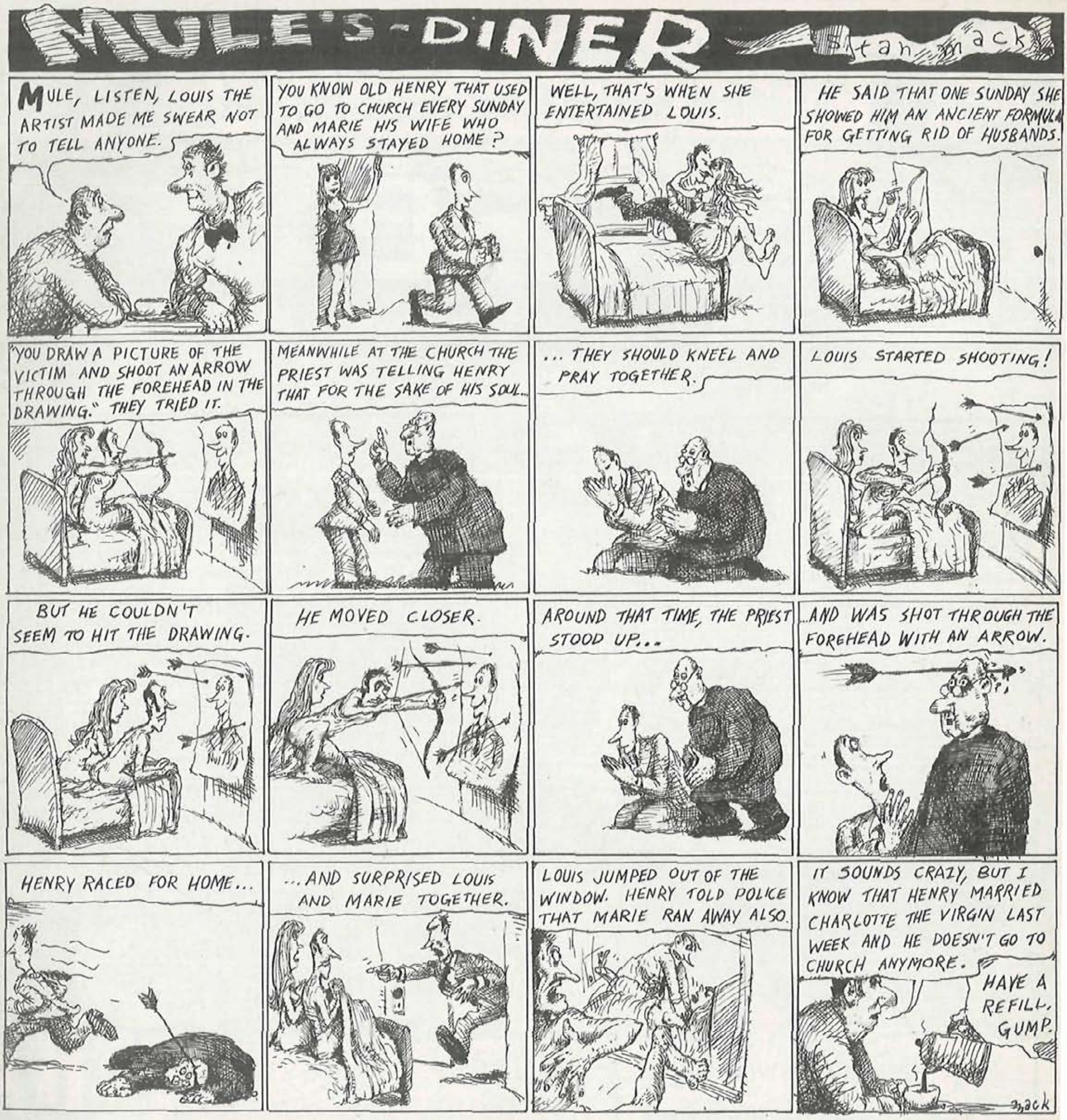
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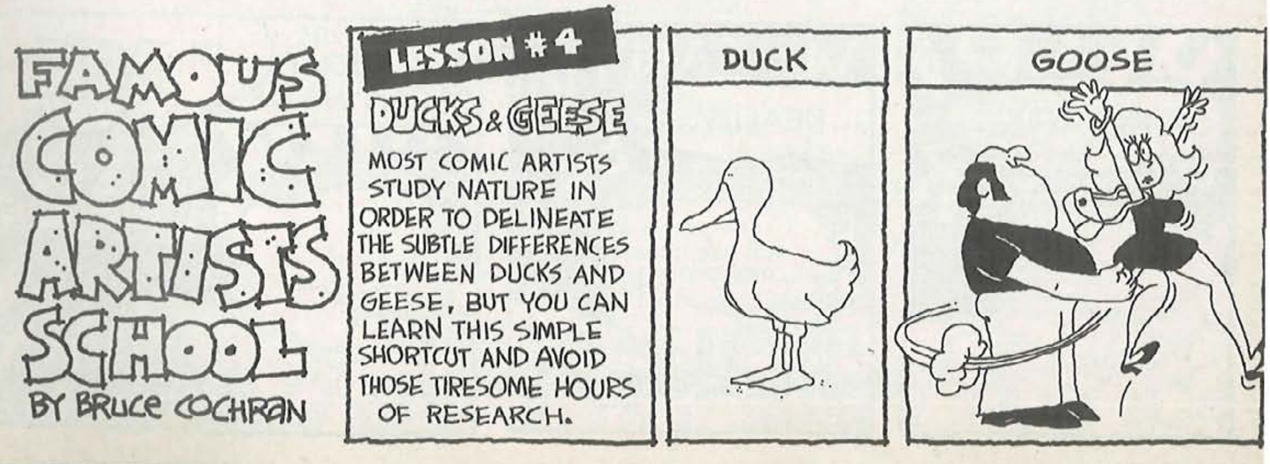
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PURE FOOD AND DRUG ACT
ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES


FUNNY PAGES


NUTS
DO YOU REMEMBER WONDERING WHY THEY NEVER SHOWED THE REALLY GOOD MOVIES AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER, BUT ONLY AT THE PLACES ON SKID ROW THAT SMELLED BAD AND WERE STICKY?
OH, BOY—THIS LOOKS GREAT! I HOPE MY PARENTS DON'T ASK ME TOO MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE DISNEY NATURE-PICTURE THEY THINK I'M SEEING!
YOU OVER 16, KID?
SURE.
O.K.
TODAY
Gahan Wilson
KOF KOF KOF KOF
HACK!
SNORF
GIK
DON'T! FOR GOD'S
RIP!
...AND I'LL HAVE A
OF LICORICE
ES AND...
HO
HA
HA
FRESH POPCORN
HELP!
OH, BOY, THIS...
WE CAN'T
...REALLY...
EEEE
NEXT MONTH: "ALL ABOUT OSCAR WILDE
HI, THERE, KID...


MULE'S-DINER
stan mack
MULE, LISTEN, LOUIS THE ARTIST MADE ME SWEAR NOT TO TELL ANYONE.
YOU KNOW OLD HENRY THAT USED TO GO TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY AND MARIE HIS WIFE WHO ALWAYS STAYED HOME?
WELL, THAT'S WHEN SHE ENTERTAINED LOUIS.
HE SAID THAT ONE SUNDAY SHE SHOWED HIM AN ANCIENT FORMULA FOR GETTING RID OF HUSBANDS.
"YOU DRAW A PICTURE OF THE VICTIM AND SHOOT AN ARROW THROUGH THE FOREHEAD IN THE DRAWING." THEY TRIED IT.
MEANWHILE AT THE CHURCH THE PRIEST WAS TELLING HENRY THAT FOR THE SAKE OF HIS SOUL...
...THEY SHOULD KNEEL AND PRAY TOGETHER.
LOUIS STARTED SHOOTING!
BUT HE COULDN'T SEEM TO HIT THE DRAWING.
HE MOVED CLOSER.
AROUND THAT TIME, THE PRIEST STOOD UP...
...AND WAS SHOT THROUGH THE FOREHEAD WITH AN ARROW.
HENRY RACED FOR HOME...
...AND SURPRISED LOUIS AND MARIE TOGETHER.
LOUIS JUMPED OUT OF THE WINDOW. HENRY TOLD POLICE THAT MARIE RAN AWAY ALSO.
IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I KNOW THAT HENRY MARRIED CHARLOTTE THE VIRGIN LAST WEEK AND HE DOESN'T GO TO CHURCH ANYMORE.
HAVE A REFILL, GUMP.
mack


FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN
LESSON #4
DUCKS & GEESE
MOST COMIC ARTISTS STUDY NATURE IN ORDER TO DELINEATE THE SUBTLE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DUCKS AND GEESE, BUT YOU CAN LEARN THIS SIMPLE SHORTCUT AND AVOID THOSE TIRESOME HOURS OF RESEARCH.
DUCK
GOOSE

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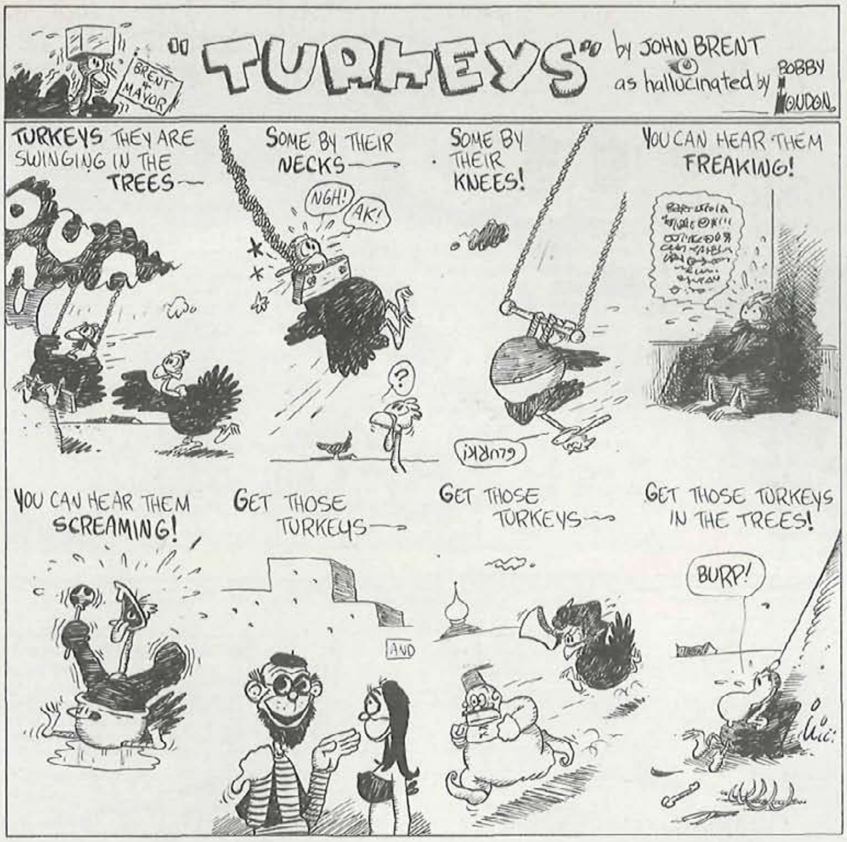
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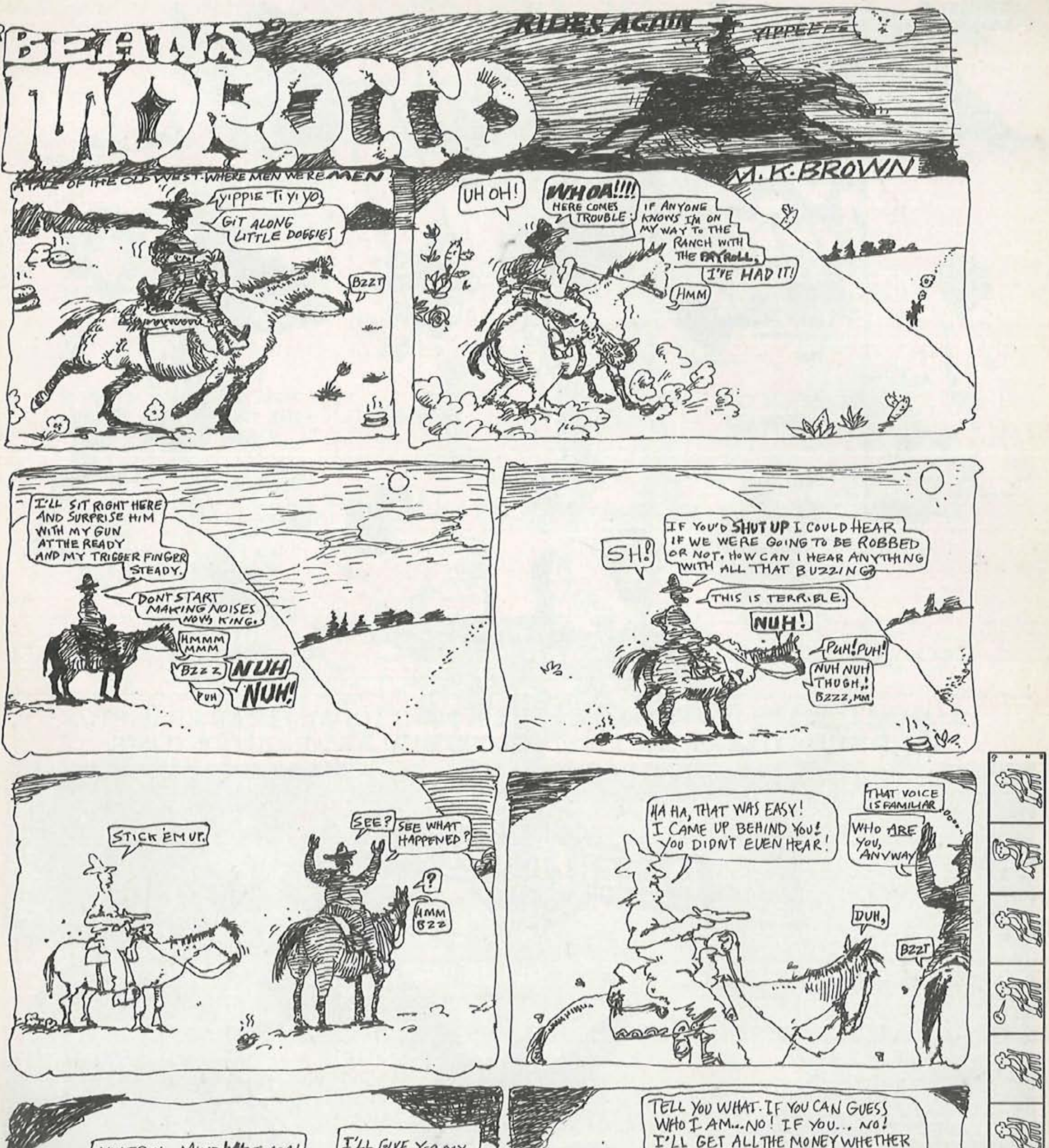
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IDYL
©J.JONES 1972
OH, WHAT CHANCE MEETING, TO COME UPON ONE SO LOVELY.
LITTLE SOFTNESS, LET ME AVOW MY LOVE.
A ROSEBUD ON THE WITHERING EARTH—LITTLE WONDER OF LIFE.
PERCHED HERE UPON THE PRECIPICE OF THE FUTURE, HIGH ABOVE THOSE BASER THINGS, TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO HEAR.
TELL ME YOU'LL BE MINE...
FOREVER!
AIEEEEEE!
OH, WHAT CHANCE MEETING, TO COME UPON ONE SO LOVELY.


"TURKEYS" by JOHN BRENT
as hallucinated by BOBBY LONDON
BRENT 4 MAYOR
TURKEYS THEY ARE SWINGING IN THE TREES—
SOME BY THEIR NECKS—
NGH!
AK!
SOME BY THEIR KNEES!
GLURK!
YOU CAN HEAR THEM FREAKING!
YOU CAN HEAR THEM SCREAMING!
GET THOSE TURKEYS—
AND
GET THOSE TURKEYS—
GET THOSE TURKEYS IN THE TREES!
BURP!


"BEANS" MOROCCO
RIDES AGAIN
YIPPEE
A TALE OF THE OLD WEST - WHERE MEN WERE MEN
M.K. BROWN
YIPPIE TI YI YO
GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIES
BZZT
UH OH!
WHOA!!!! HERE COMES TROUBLE
IF ANYONE KNOWS I'M ON MY WAY TO THE RANCH WITH THE PAYROLL, I'VE HAD IT!
HMM
I'LL SIT RIGHT HERE AND SURPRISE HIM WITH MY GUN AT THE READY AND MY TRIGGER FINGER STEADY.
DONT START MAKING NOISES NOW, KING.
HMMM MMM
BZZZ
NUH NUH!
PUH
SH!
IF YOU'D SHUT UP I COULD HEAR IF WE WERE GOING TO BE ROBBED OR NOT. HOW CAN I HEAR ANYTHING WITH ALL THAT BUZZING?
THIS IS TERRIBLE.
NUH!
PUH! PUH!
NUH NUH THUGH,! BZZZ, MM!
STICK EM UP.
SEE?
SEE WHAT HAPPENED?
?
HMM BZZ
HA HA, THAT WAS EASY! I CAME UP BEHIND YOU! YOU DIDN'T EVEN HEAR!
THAT VOICE IS FAMILIAR
WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY
DUH,
BZZT
NEVER YOU MIND WHO I AM!
GIVE ME ALL YER MONEY.
I'LL GIVE YER MY MONEY IF YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!
PLUGH PLUUH
MM
NUH NUH
TELL YOU WHAT. IF YOU CAN GUESS WHO I AM... NO! IF YOU... NO! I'LL GET ALL THE MONEY WHETHER YOU GUESS RIGHT OR NOT, BUT.. IF...
WAIT A MINUTE! IF YOU GUESS WHO I AM, I'LL GET THE MONEY BUT THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHO I AM! IF...

Bell & Howell's Slide Cube™ Projector takes the fight out of showing color slides.



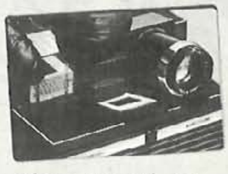
Each Slide Cube cartridge holds up to forty slides. Just drop them in.



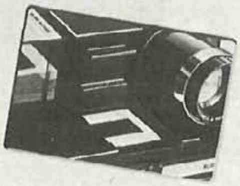
The cartridges slide right into the projector.



The projector lens elevates a full 20 degrees, so you don't have to move the whole machine up or down.



The projector has a preview editor, so you can change or turn a slide without interrupting the show.



The preview editor also lets you quick-scan your slides, so you can find the exact one you want.



Some models have automatic electronic focus. After showing, slides flip back into the cartridge.



With its walnut-grained lid on, the projector is so good looking, it's dressed up to go, or to sit in your bookcase.



You can store 9 cartridges (360 slides, or 3 round trays' worth) in this accessory storage top.

Shooting 110 size slides?
New 2½" accessory lens gives big, screen filling images from both 2 x 2 and 110 size slides without moving projector or screen.

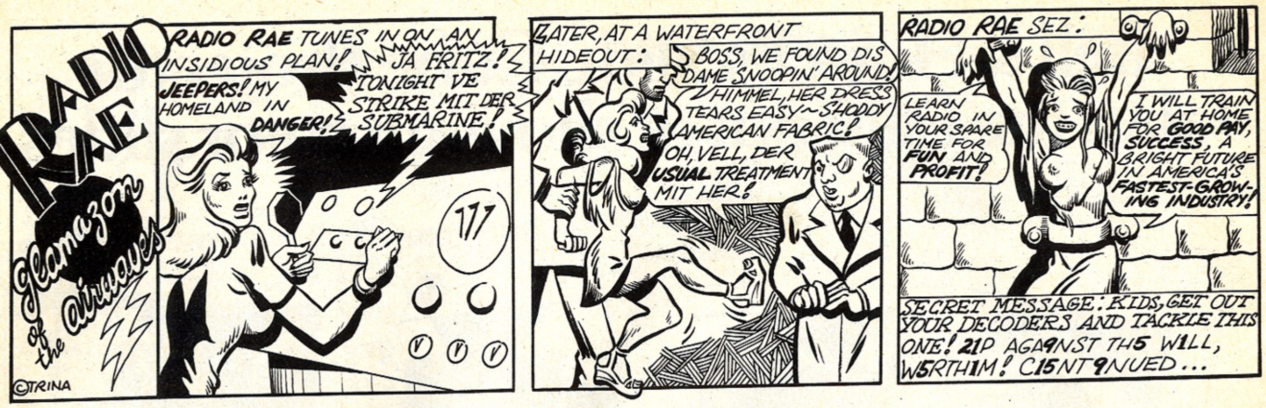


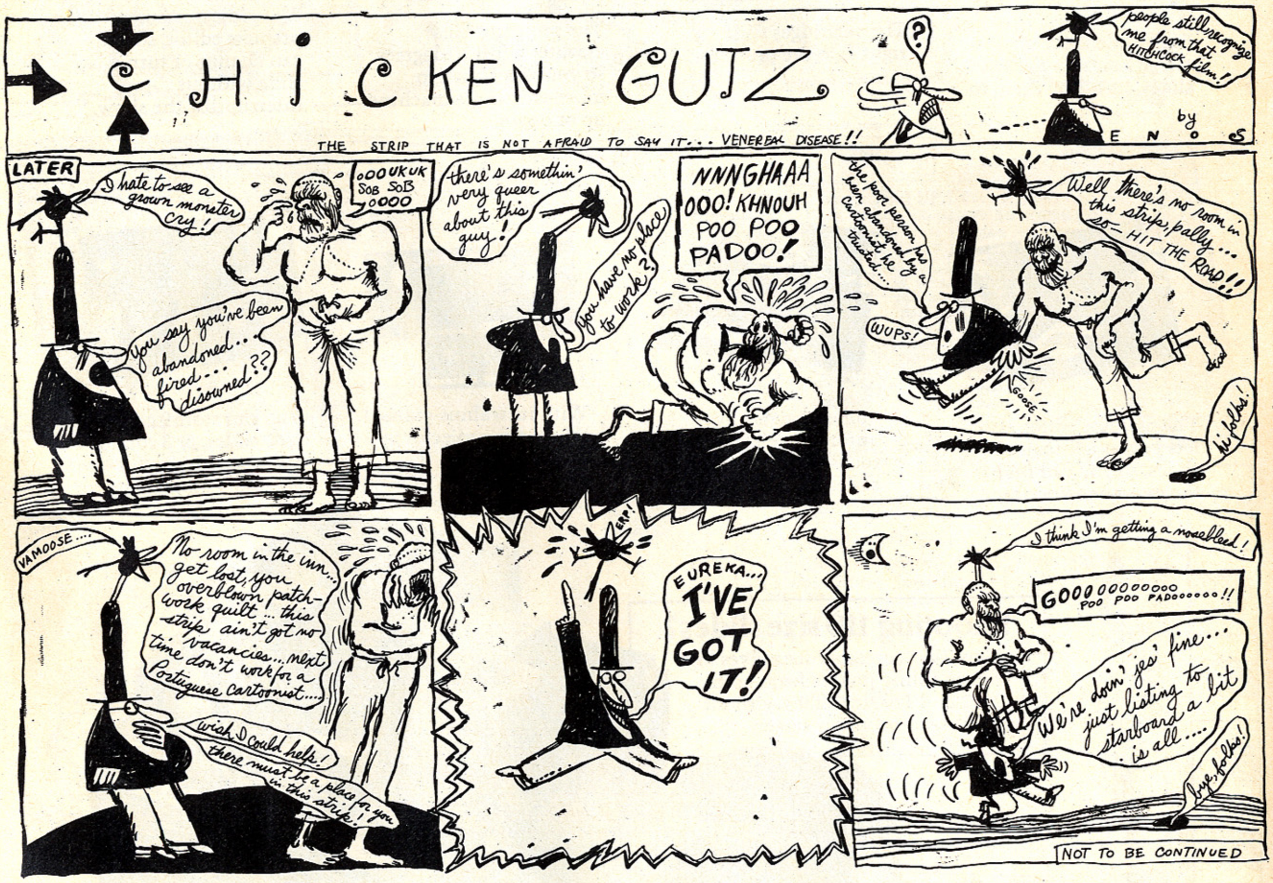
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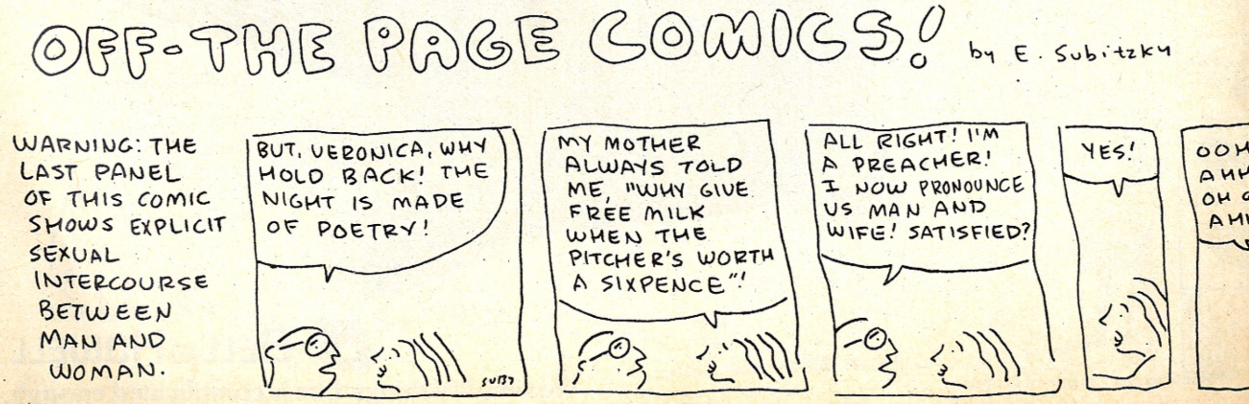
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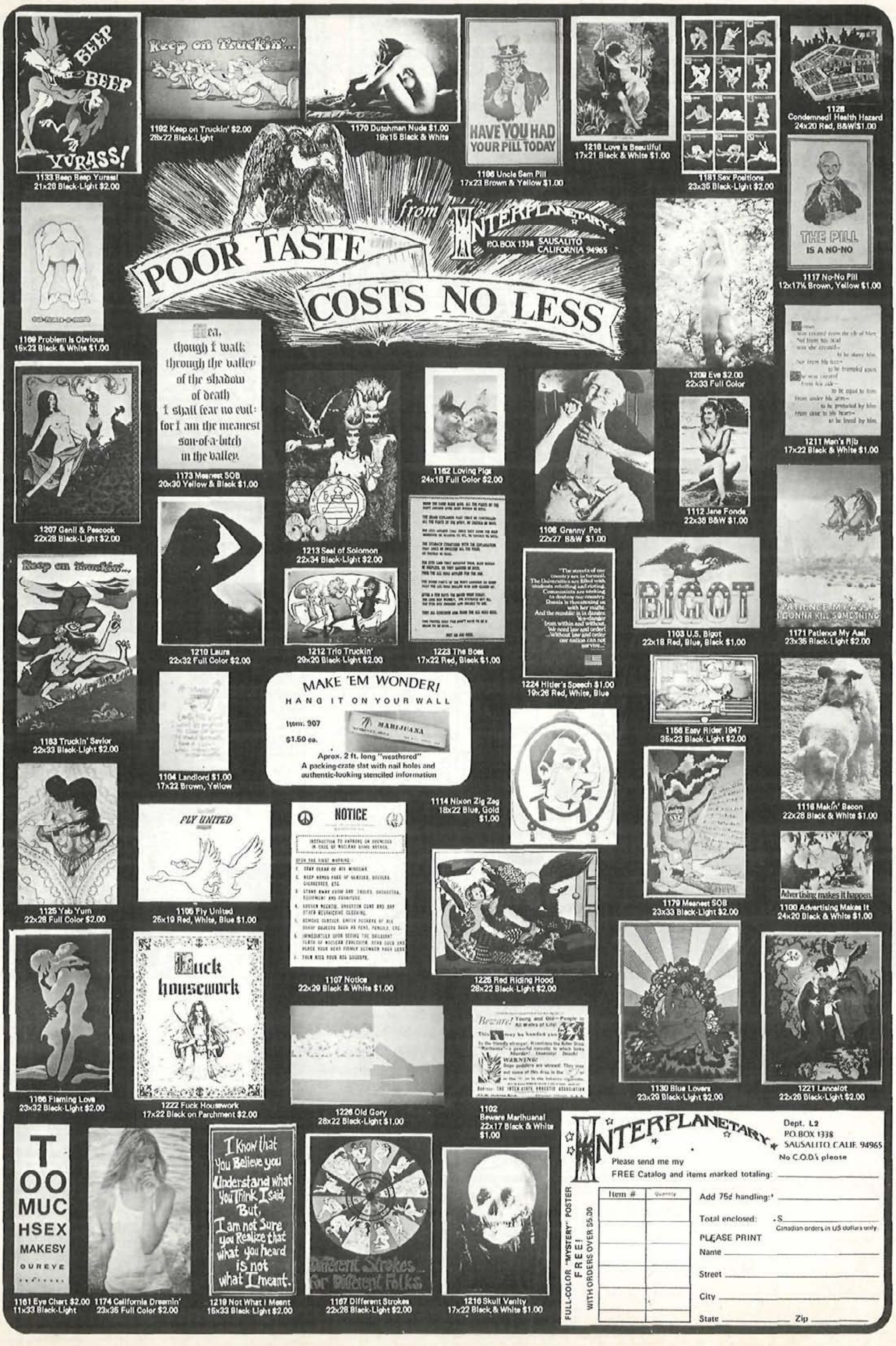
We simplify things. Life is complicated enough.

*Manufacturer's suggested list prices.


RADIO RAE
Glamazon of the airwaves
RADIO RAE TUNES IN ON AN INSIDIOUS PLAN!
JEEPERS! MY HOMELAND IN DANGER!
JA FRITZ! TONIGHT VE STRIKE MIT DER SUBMARINE!
LATER, AT A WATERFRONT HIDEOUT:
BOSS, WE FOUND DIS DAME SNOOPIN' AROUND!
HIMMEL, HER DRESS TEARS EASY~SHODDY AMERICAN FABRIC! OH, VELL, DER USUAL TREATMENT MIT HER!
RADIO RAE SEZ:
LEARN RADIO IN YOUR SPARE TIME FOR FUN AND PROFIT!
I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY, SUCCESS, A BRIGHT FUTURE IN AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING INDUSTRY!
SECRET MESSAGE: KIDS, GET OUT YOUR DECODERS AND TACKLE THIS ONE! 21P AGA9NST TH5 W1LL, W5RTH1M! C15NT9NUED...
©TRINA


CHICKEN GUTZ
people still recognize me from that HITCHCOCK film!
by ENOS
THE STRIP THAT IS NOT AFRAID TO SAY IT... VENEREAL DISEASE!!
LATER
I hate to see a grown monster cry!
OOOUKUK SOB SOB OOOO
You say you've been abandoned... fired... disowned??
there's somethin' very queer about this guy!
You have no place to work?
NNNGHAAA OOO! KHNOUH POO POO PADOO!
the poor person has been abandoned by a cartoonist he trusted...
Well there's no room in this strip, pally... so— HIT THE ROAD!!
WUPS!
hi folks!
VAMOOSE...
No room in the inn... get lost, you overblown patchwork quilt... this strip ain't got no vacancies... next time don't work for a Portuguese cartoonist....
wish I could help! there must be a place for you in this strip!
EUREKA... I'VE GOT IT!
I think I'm getting a nosebleed!
GOOOOOOOOOOO POO POO PADOOOOOO!!
We're doin' jes' fine... just listing to starboard a bit is all....
bye, folks!
NOT TO BE CONTINUED


OFF-THE PAGE COMICS!
by E. Subitzky
WARNING: THE LAST PANEL OF THIS COMIC SHOWS EXPLICIT SEXUAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.
BUT, VERONICA, WHY HOLD BACK! THE NIGHT IS MADE OF POETRY!
MY MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME, "WHY GIVE FREE MILK WHEN THE PITCHER'S WORTH A SIXPENCE"!
ALL RIGHT! I'M A PREACHER! I NOW PRONOUNCE US MAN AND WIFE! SATISFIED?
YES!
OOH AHH OH G AHH


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I know that you believe you understand what you think I said, but, I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.
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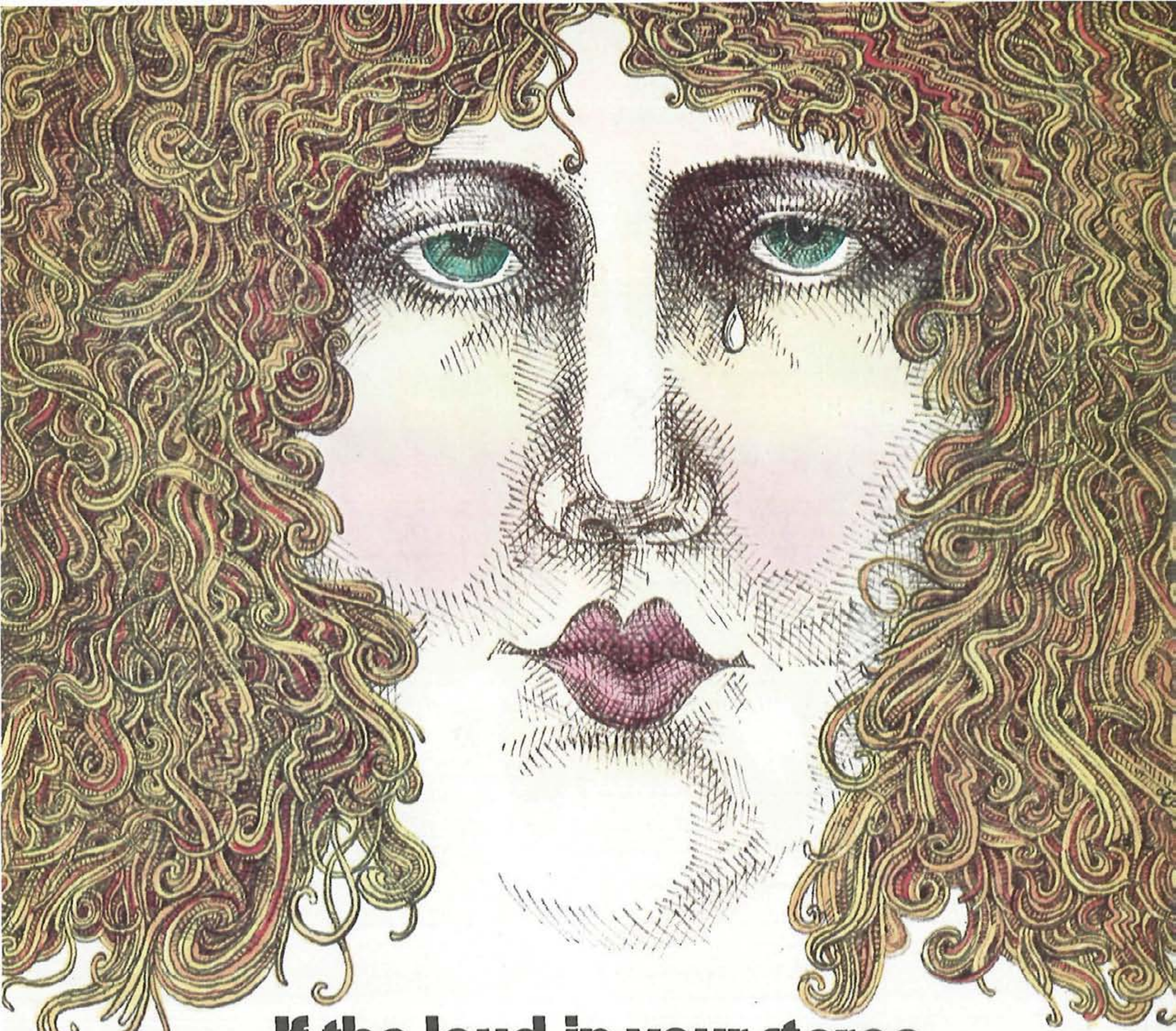
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Plus

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If the loud in your stereo gives her a pain in the head get a Marantz.

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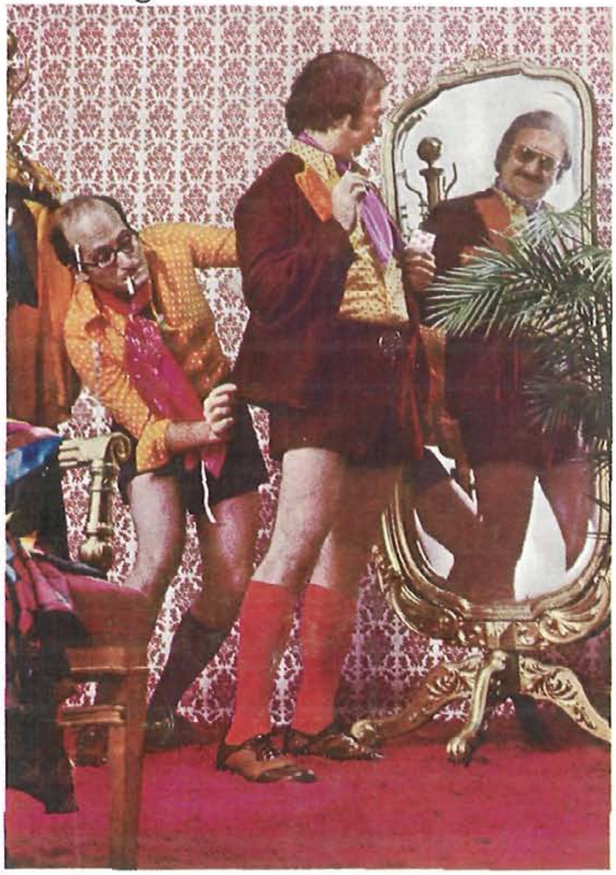
Visit your Marantz dealer. And take your wife along. (Or that spotted beagle two doors down.)

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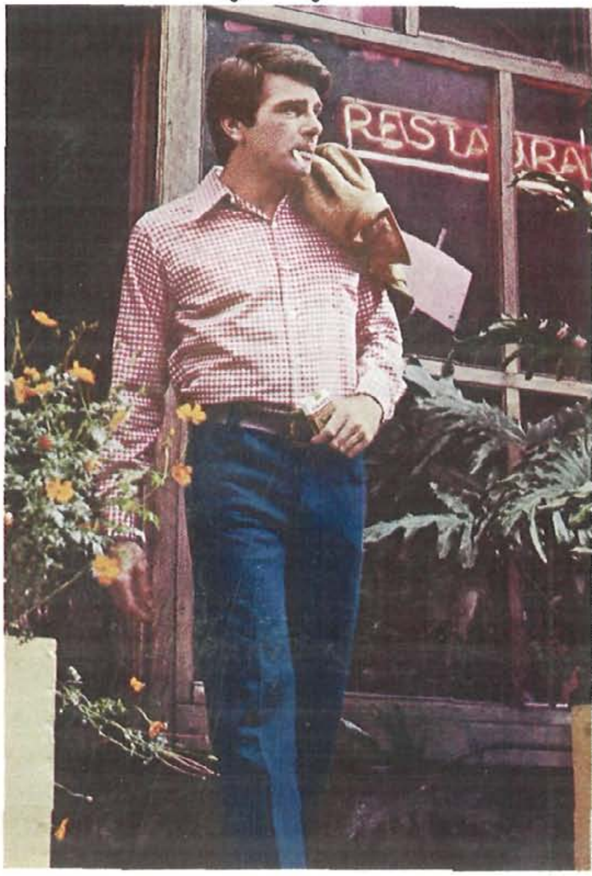
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